

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR.
THE CENTRAL BUILDING, AS SEEN FROM WOODY ISLAND.
[A Drawing, Specially made for ONCE A WEEK by Mr. Childe Hassam.]

ONCE A WEEK

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JULIUS CHAMBERS EDITOR

THIS is an exceptionally fine number of ONCE A WEEK. The frontispiece, by Mr. CHILDE HASSAM, is a delightful example of this artist's work. The beauties of his impressionistic effects are admirably brought out by Mr. KURTZ's new process, which has been utilized in the preparation of the picture for the press.

The interview with Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON is remarkable for the information it contains.* The portrait on wood of the famous railroad king is from his latest photograph.

The fac-simile of WALT WHITMAN's last poem will interest everybody who writes verse. It will gratify real lovers of WHITMAN to see how patiently he toiled over his lines. ONCE A WEEK is glad to have secured this poem, which will endure as long as the name of WHITMAN. The memoirs of the poet's last days will follow next week.

The Chicago Convention received complete attention. Our artist, Mr. FRED. MORGAN, a son of the late lamented MATT. MORGAN, was on the scene, and made many sketches. We also sent a special artist to Gray Gables, Mr. CLEVELAND's Summer home on Buzzard's Bay, and he has brought back some very pretty pictures, which will be found in this number.

BRILLIANT as all these features are, we shall present, next week, a literary and artistic treat such as has not been equalled by any illustrated journal in years. It will be entitled "A Day at Edgewood with Ik. Marvel." Our special artist made some delightful sketches, and the author of "Dream Life" and "The Reveries of a Bachelor" chatted delightfully.

Do you follow us?

NOTHING is so healthful during the heated term as frequent bathing.

THERE is a fair probability of four national tickets in the field. The more the merrier. Everybody will be suited, then, and the era of universal suffrage will dawn.

THE cable announces that the first edition of ZOLA'S new novel, "Debacle," consists of one hundred and sixty thousand copies. ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY beats that record every week.

POOR WALT WHITMAN! You can almost see him die as you read the record of his last days so carefully kept by the loving hands that ministered to his hourly wants. We shall print extracts from this diary next week.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S youngest sister, Princess MARGARETHE, is engaged to marry Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, eldest son of the Landgrave of Hesse. The bride is in her twenty-first year. Though resembling her imperial brother in many respects, the princess is

not military, as is her imperial grandmother, "Colonel" Queen VICTORIA. Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, however, is a true Hessian and a lieutenant of the Dragoon Guards.

THE prize-winner of the "Mysterious Guest" contest will be named next week. More than 3,500 guesses were received, and only two were correct.

LORD SALISBURY is again suffering from an attack of fear that civil war is about to break out in Ireland. This reads like the good old Fenian times of thirty years ago.

SENATOR HALE has opened the campaign by assaulting the Democratic platform in the Senate. We wonder if the platform is strong enough to stand it! This is his first appearance since his malicious attack upon JAMES R. YOUNG, executive clerk of that Millionaire's Club, otherwise called The United States Senate.

PRINCE BISMARCK is now having to take some of his own medicine. There was a time when, as the imperial chancellor, he believed in the divinity and infallibility of the kaiser. At that time, however, he flattered himself that he was the directing mind of that same emperor. Now that the youngster, who has been fed on this pap all his life, practices what BISMARCK has preached, the theory is not nearly so enchanting to the Bismarckian intellect as it used to be. It would be sad, indeed, to think that "the man of blood and iron" has become a petulant old woman, just because his services have been dispensed with. Like many another man who has failed in the walk of life first chosen, Prince BISMARCK has plunged into journalism in the hope that he can successfully dictate the policy of a newspaper campaign against his former friend, the emperor. He makes the same mistake that thousands of other people have made before him in supposing that anybody can edit a newspaper. It is a business that has to be learned like sawing wood, practicing law or cutting corns.

PRINCE BISMARCK, we fear, is likely to find that the "Reptile Fund," which he created and which he used so effectively in corrupting the weak members of the press of Europe against France, is now employed against himself. This is another bit of physic that the cold-blooded old chap will not fancy. It makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored—a trite remark, the truth of which will at this time be quite apparent to the great Fürst.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has again given a public indication of his dislike for Mr. Blaine by the appointment of JOHN W. FOSTER, an attorney in Washington, to the office of Secretary of State. Mr. FOSTER is said to be the man who publicly insulted Mr. BLAINE before the Canadian commissioners. If this be true, we opine that Mr. BLAINE will take a very distinct interest in the approaching campaign. Mr. BLAINE made GROVER CLEVELAND what he is to-day, by using him as a bludgeon to beat out the political brains of Senator CONKLIN in the State of New York. If Mr. BLAINE be strong enough in two or three doubtful States, he can "indemnify" Mr. HARRISON for this little debt of malice. This is the only apparent way for Mr. BLAINE to return to public life, and it is doubtful if his friends will see any objection to that course, since Mr. HARRISON has publicly rebuked him in the way he has.

IT MEANS YOU, SMALLEY.

[From a London Letter in New York Tribune, June 26, 1892.]

AMERICAN authors may now know, on the authority of *The Atheneum*, exactly what to think of themselves. That singular English organ of urbane literature assures its readers that "vivid and explosive vulgarity is the typical American product." Are they, the English, willing to accept as their literary guide a journal owned and controlled by an outcast like Sir CHARLES DILKE?

We recall a time when SMALLEY coddled Sir CHARLES and his brother. It will amuse the old men at the table d'hôte of the Reform Club, all of whom have made "breaks" in their time, to read SMALLEY'S opinion of Sir CHARLES. They will understand that *The Atheneum* forms its opinion of American authorship from SMALLEY'S volumes.

THE UNION AND CANADA.

WE can simplify matters by noting that we two are neighbors, geographically, and that we must be neighborly in our mutual dealings if we are to get on together. All talk about granting or continuing to Canadian railroads the bonding privilege, in the face of Canadian discrimination, in freight charges and tolls, against American freight bound for Europe through Canada—talk in this direction is ridiculous. That we must avoid stern measures against Canadian railroads is an irrelevant remark.

The question is plain: Canada has been discriminating against American business for years, with her canals and railroads; does the Dominion propose to continue

on this line? The withdrawal of the bonding privilege would not be a stern measure in such case. It is easy to do it. It is true that it would seriously injure Canadian lines and that American stockholders would suffer loss on their investments. For this reason it is best, no doubt, to go ahead slowly.

But, on the other hand, we have been going slow so long, or rather doing nothing at all in the matter so persistently, that Canada is gradually assuming the status of the neighbor who has enjoyed and abused privileges and neighborly courtesies so long in return for injuries that she would be rudely awakened, if awakened at all, to the facts of the real situation. An awakening might be started along our Northern border by serving official notice of complaint, so that the Dominion will see we are not in a happy frame of mind.

CLEAN JOURNALS.

THE attention of pessimists and cynics may be called to the fact that the sale of clean books and clean periodicals is greater than that of any other species of literature. This is not always the case at the first moment. On the contrary, it not seldom happens that immoral and prurient matter enjoys a considerable vogue at the outset; but time tells upon it, and, as years go by, it will always be found that more people have read good books than bad—using the word "good" in the moral, not the literary, sense. Indeed, what critics term the literary quality in a given piece of literature does not seem to have any important effect upon its popularity. It may cause it to last longer, but it does not sensibly increase the size of its audience. Critical readers, though few, have longer literary memories than the uncritical ones; and an example of good literature is handed down from age to age and is never superseded, although the number of persons who are actually familiar with it at any particular period may be limited. But take two books, one of good literature and indifferent morality and the other of indifferent literature and good morality, and the readers of the latter will outnumber, in the long run, those of the former by ten to one.

Illustrations of this fact are not hard to find. The greatest books of the world—the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," the "Divina Commedia," the great tragedies and comedies of SHAKESPEARE, GOETHE'S "Faust," HUGO'S "Les Misérables," DUMAS'S "Monte Cristo," SAND'S "Consuelo," THACKERAY'S "Henry Esmond," DICKENS'S "Tale of Two Cities," ELIOT'S "Adam Bede," HAWTHORNE'S "Scarlet Letter"—all these are both good literature and good books. Then there are such books as "Pilgrim's Progress," the sale of which is said to be second only to that of the Bible; "Robinson Crusoe" and—to come to recent times—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, after a generation, has just started off on a new career which bids fair to rival its former one. Or, again, consider the extraordinary avidity with which the public devoured the works of E. P. ROE and General LEW WALLACE. The literary style of their stories is uniformly commonplace, but their moral tone is pure and wholesome, and the American people has stamped them with its mighty seal of approval.

If we look at periodicals, the case is the same. Where in the world, or in the world's history, are we to find a parallel for the circulation of our three or four leading monthly magazines, into the pages of which no doubtful word is ever permitted to insinuate itself? Or what weekly journal, that depends upon vulgar or vitiated tastes for its success, can hold a candle to such papers as *Harper's Weekly*, *The Youth's Companion* or *ONCE A WEEK*? The latter are triumphant through decade after decade; the former rise, struggle and vanish like the fungus-growths of swamps. If they "pay" at all, the money is not honestly earned, nor is it to be depended on as a permanent revenue. For nothing is so fickle as evil; it has no constancy and no gratitude, and its own instability prevents it from giving stability to anything depending on it.

But a book differs from a periodical in one important and obvious particular. A book is, as it were, a separate individual; it appears once and for all; it has no relation to predecessors or to followers; it is judged solely on its own merits. If there be harm in it, it is easy to let it alone; it is marked, and that settles it. A periodical, on the other hand, is a continuous, perennial thing; it is not comprised in a single number; it returns week after week, month after month, year after year, for a lifetime, perhaps. It is a series of chapters, proceeding endlessly. It is addressed to no particular type of mind or peculiarity of mood; to no especial age, sex or condition; but each number aims to contain a bait for every taste and idiosyncrasy. And even as its contents are various as to theme and literary character, so may they vary as to moral quality or aim. The number for this week or this month may be wholly blameless or elevating; and a number appearing next week, or a year, or years hence, may have in it something that cannot be read without a moral shock. It is for this reason that the editing of a periodical involves a responsibility far greater and more delicate than can attach to the author of any book or separate writing, whatever.

* Interviews in this series have been published with the following distinguished people: First, Lady Henry Somerset; second, William F. Cody; third, John Lawrence Sullivan; fourth, Samuel Greene Wheeler Benjamin, ex-minister to Persia; fifth, Charles Emory Smith, United States minister to Russia; sixth, John Kelly, the recognized authority on horse-racing; seventh, James E. Campbell, ex-governor of Ohio; eighth, Frank K. Sturgis, president of the New York Stock Exchange; ninth, George J. Gould, son of the great financier, on the future of railroading; tenth, General Charles E. Furlong, the great American traveler, and eleventh, Mrs. Edmund Russell on The Poetry of Motion.

If we form with anyone an acquaintance that gives us pleasure and edification, and it continues to be uninterruptedly agreeable for a long time, we naturally come to trust in and depend upon him, and from our acquaintance he grows to be our friend. Suppose, now, that this friend of ours enters our home some morning and begins to use indecent language, or otherwise to conduct himself in an ungarnish manner. We are doubly wronged, first, by the language or behavior itself, and, secondly, and chiefly, because, unless he had previously won our confidence, he would never have had an opportunity thus to outrage it. It was because he had heretofore masqueraded as an angel of light that he was able to betray us with his cloven hoof. Had his original and consistent aspect been diabolical, we should have had no personal quarrel with him, for we should have then but the option of either avoiding or cultivating him. But to work evil under the cover and reputation of good is an unforgivable offense.

The editor of a periodical speaks through many mouths, but of necessity he alone must be responsible for all that is spoken; before promulgating the utterances of his contributors, he must privately listen to and judge them, and at his peril permit nothing to go forth that is not up to the standard that he had led his subscribers to expect. It is comparatively easy to estimate the harm that a book may do, for it is immediately described in press notices and by common report; but it is impossible to overestimate the harm that may be done by a sinister article in a periodical of good standing, especially a "weekly," for the majority of readers of periodicals are regular subscribers, and receive the successive numbers without misgiving, relying for the future upon the record of the past; and the "weekly," unlike the "monthly," is never reviewed in the press. For, whatever harm is thus done, the editor and not the contributor must answer. Leaving business considerations altogether aside, therefore, his position, if he have any conscience at all, is a difficult and delicate one. A favorite periodical is admitted to a family on a footing of intimacy accorded to new literature in no other form. The more uninterruptedly good it has been, the greater is the obligation incurred to keep it up to the mark. A hundred unexceptionable issues cannot excuse so much as a single slip.

Obviously, therefore, the editor or proprietor of a family journal occupies a post more arduous and anxious than almost any other in our civilization. The position is a comparatively new product of the times; it did not exist even so lately as thirty years ago. The congregation whose thought and character may be influenced from the lay pulpit of a weekly journal numbers hundreds of thousands every week, and the lay minister is never able to speak for himself, but must intrust his message to others, who are constantly liable to misrepresent him. In this respect he is at a marked disadvantage compared with the orthodox religious preacher, whose sermons are not only restricted to matters of religious doctrines and moral conduct, but who utters his own thought with his own lips and can fall into no involuntary or unconscious errors. I once stood on the banks of Niagara, below the Falls, and saw BLONDIN wheel a man in a wheelbarrow across a tight rope from side to side. It was a skillful achievement for BLONDIN; but what about the man in the barrow? I would infinitely prefer being the former to being the latter. Now, if we suppose that the man in the barrow was aware that not only his own life, but the welfare of all the myriad spectators hung upon a false step of BLONDIN's, we can imagine the state of mind of the proprietor of a paper like that in which this article is printed as number after number goes out. Has there been a false step? Will there be one? Moreover, there is not a certain fixed number of steps to be taken, and then all is over; but the number stretches on indefinitely, and each successive one is, in a sense, more perilous than all the rest.

Such being the situation, I cannot too much admire the manner in which, in the face of unremitting temptations, obstacles and pitfalls, the proprietor fulfills his trying office. No doubt the rewards are great, both from the business point of view and otherwise; but the man is none the less a public benefactor, and should be so regarded. He must work as few men work; nor can he dismiss his anxieties with the closing of his desk for the day. I am not now considering the question of literature *per se*. No doubt, in the evolution of humanity, things will and must be written which are right in themselves, though they have no fitness for a family paper. The family paper has nevertheless, at this stage of progress, a great place to fill, a vast mission to carry out. Its sphere is domestic—to entertain, enlighten and edify. We must sometimes sink our plummet into dark depths of human nature; we must question things that have seemed unquestionable and develop truths that have been ignored or discredited. But these exploits are to be performed elsewhere than at the family hearth. There, nothing should come that is not kindly, innocent and secure. The family is the basis of all true society and civilization; and the journal which reflects this family life, and guides it, is worth—of all praise and support.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE GOOD, GRAY POET'S LAST VERSES.

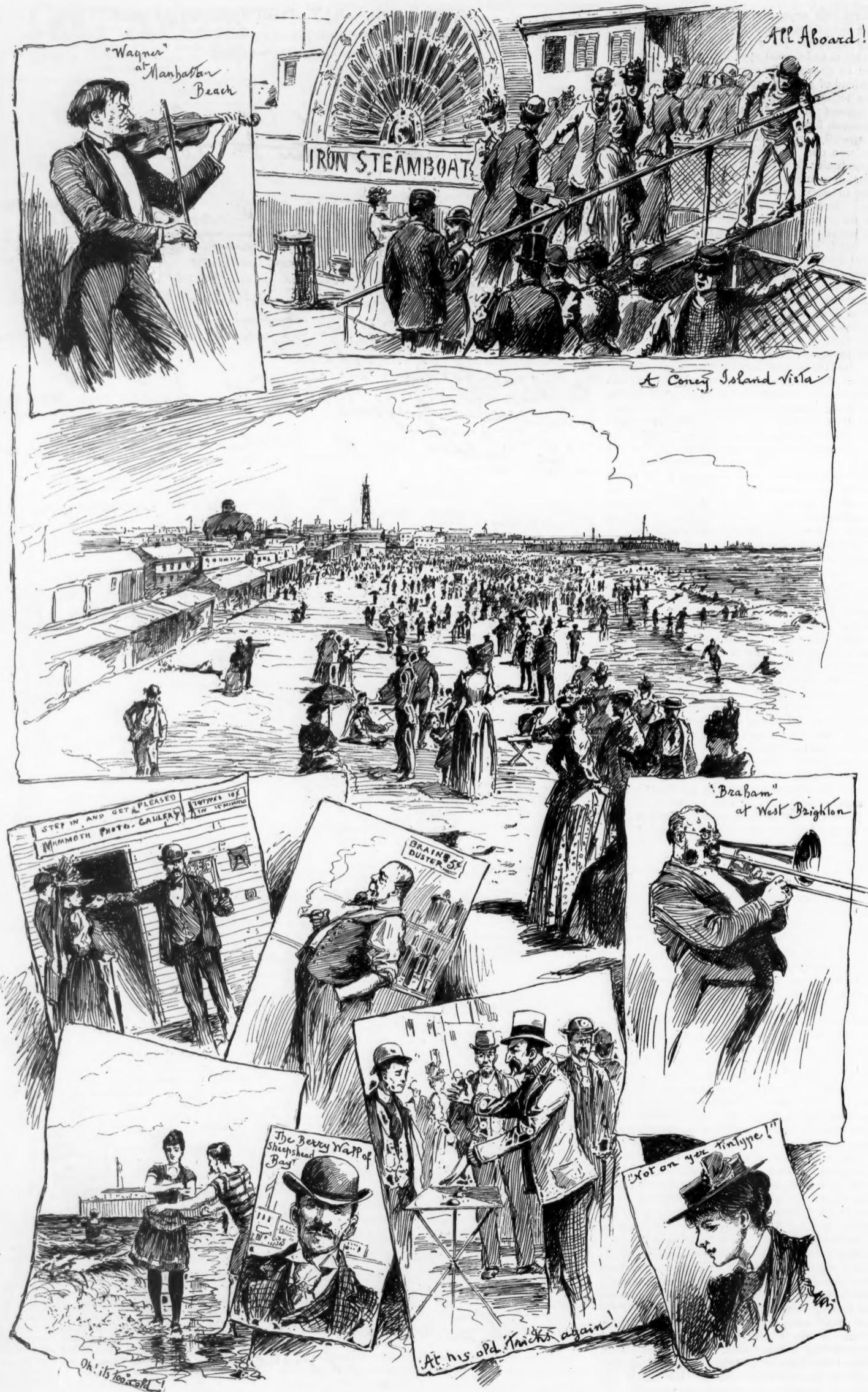
AUTOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILE OF THE POEM WRITTEN ON HIS DEATH-BED IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1892.
(Copyrighted, 1892, by ONCE A WEEK.)

*A thought of Columbus
Impromptu for 1892*

The thought of Columbus' self
out into the vast eride and wastes
The myriads of myriads, the hamlets,
spontaneous leaping on stalks! (Concord)
The bubbles and the great Human world!
A breath of Deity, as, those as enter here are
myself unfolding.
Cycles returning cycles from their previous minute!
far fewer years incepting
The cycles of the soul inspiring in an
hour
Haply the widest farthest exuberance
of the world and on on! #
Thousands and thousands of miles for centuries back
the impulse thrilling to the air felt
feels or wreck'd the earth can no longer afford
A phantom of the moment. silent.
Stalking, sudden, toppling down
only a thought yet casting down
of more than brass or stone.
(A flutter as if old Times and Space's
secret were revealing.)
A thought! a definite thought works
out in shape. #

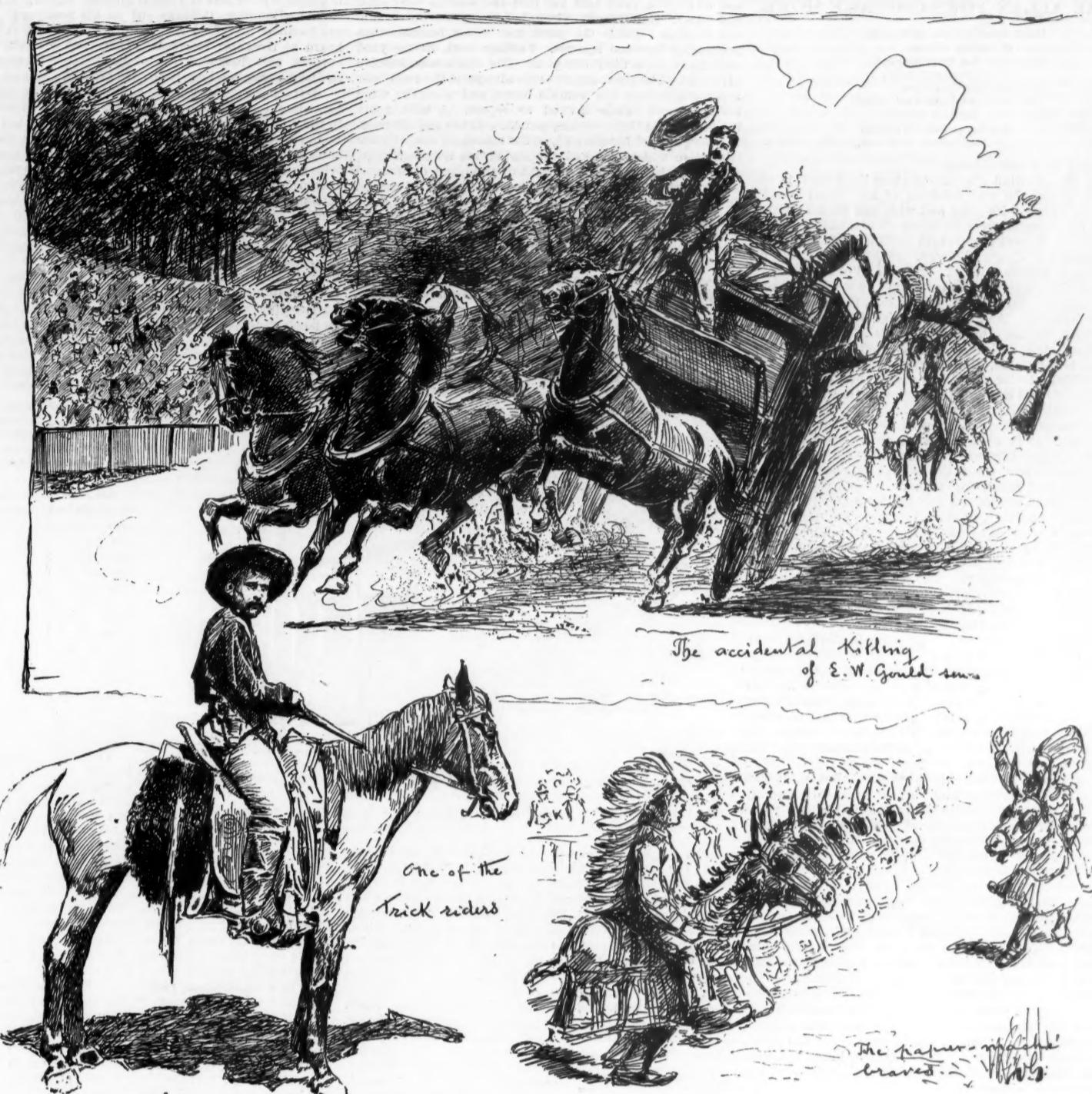
Four hundred years roll on,
The waves and the fleets follow the land
- the camp we pitched
The rapid cumulus - the voyagers trade,
narration war peace, Democracy roll on,
The armies and the fleets following their
leader the camp of ages in newer land
The tangled long circuitous of human
life and hope, begin writing
As here to day up-grows the modern World.
old song for
I used to say, Discoverer (as never
If still thou hearest her to, no son of
voicing as none - lands, races, arts,
the Chalybeate to thee
Over the long backward path to thee - one
vast compass north south east west,
Soul, clouds! acceleration! reverent cities!
midst memory to thee! oceans and land!
One huge and thought! the world to thee!
The modern world to thee!

Walt Whitman



SCENES AT CONEY ISLAND—THE WEST END.

[Sketches made from Life by a Special Artist.]



THE STATEN ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB'S WILD WEST SHOW.

AN ACCIDENT AT THE GAMES.

THE recent accident at the games of the Staten Island Athletic Club has cast a shadow over the Summer sports. The enterprising members of the Staten Island Athletic Club had organized a "Wild West Show," with all the accompaniments of Indians, bronchos and a Deadwood stage. The principal feature of the entertainment was to be an attack upon the Deadwood stage, after the manner of Buffalo Bill, by a large band of Staten Island Indians. The driver of the stage was Frederick C. Scott. The outrider on one of the horses was Frank Wiman, son of Erastus Wiman, the man who has done so much to develop Staten Island, and the "old settler," atop the stage, was personated by E. W. Gould, a Wall Street broker. When the attack was made by the make-believe Indians, the horses took fright, became uncontrollable and ran the stage up the side of a bank, overturning it. This threw Mr. Gould to the ground, and his neck was broken. It was a very sad accident.

ON CONEY ISLAND'S SANDS.

AS LONG as the heated term continues, Coney Island is sure to be the attraction for a large proportion of the public of New York and the surrounding cities. The aristocratic portions of this resort are known as Manhattan and Brighton Beaches; but to the westward of these localities is a more democratic section, where the great public feels more at its ease and enjoys itself more satisfactorily. This is known as "The West End." There are to be found the side shows, the freak museums, the oyster booths, the flying horses and other attractions for the thirsty and pleasure-seeking multitude. Our special artist has visited the popular end of Coney Island, and reproduces for our readers an attractive page of sketches made from life. They will interest our readers at a distance quite as much as those nearer at hand and more familiar with the scenes portrayed. Saturday and Sunday are, of course, the great days at Coney Island. It is not an infrequent thing for

five thousand people to bathe in the water at one time! The arrangements for the bathers, attached to the great piers of the Iron Steamboat Company's property, are very complete and cheap in price. Conspicuous in the large picture in the center of the page is "The Elephant," a restaurant constructed of wood in the shape of a gigantic pachyderm. The internal anatomy of the Elephant consists of cozy dining-rooms, in which meals are served.

No large city in the world has the ocean so near it or so accessible as New York.—(See page 4.)

THE MAN WHO FOUND A FARM.

HE HAD BEEN READING ONE OF THOSE SUMMER ADVERTISEMENTS.

"PICKED out the place you are going to this Summer?" asked the first man.

"I have not," replied the second man, glancing about furtively.

"Well, it's time."

"Yes, I know; all the good places are being snapped up. I saw an advertisement of a place the other day. The 'ad' said that the place was only two minutes from the station, had fishing in the brook, crisp, fresh air in abundance, vegetables from own farm, real country butter, eggs and cheese, and delightful neighbors."

"Did you look into it?"

"I did; I never was more surprised in my life. I found that it really was but a few minutes' walk from the station; I fished in the brook, and in half an hour landed six six-pounders; the air was delightful; when I sat down to dinner I nearly fainted when they passed me real country butter."

"Did they, indeed?"

"Yes, and that evening seven of the prettiest girls in the village called and entertained us for a couple of hours, talking, laughing and singing."

"Never remember to have heard the like!"

"Next morning we had real fresh eggs for breakfast."

"Oh, this is too much!"

"To cap the climax, when I was going away, the landlord took me aside and offered to let my family have the use of the place for seven dollars a month. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life, and I laughed in his face."

"But then I suppose you closed the deal, eh?"

"That's just it," said the other, sadly; "I grieve to say I did not."

"You are mad, man; what do you want, any way?"

"I know, I know," rejoined the man who had been out seeking a farm; "I have thought it all carefully over; the fact is I don't want the place at all."

"Well, why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't be happy there. It would seem so totally unlike a Summer resort that I have concluded to stay home this season and camp out on the roof! Then I will get the real tan color at half the expense!"

VERY SHOCKING, MR. SMALLIE.

THIS is the way Mr. Labouchere speaks about the law-makers of England: "Thank Heaven! This contemptible and dishonest Parliament is now in its very last throes. After Whitsuntide, the corpse will be laid out and preparations made for its interment. My advice to all Liberal M.P.'s who are candidates for a seat in the next Parliament is to begin work in their constituencies. They are only wasting their time in taking part in the obsequies at St. Stephen's, which will be purely formal. But if they must see the last of the malignant, wicked old wretch that has been weighing on us for the last six years, let it be as muted. As few funeral orations as possible, if you please. Leave this to the Unionists. Let the dead bury their dead!" And yet the English press has been known to comment unfavorably upon the Congress of the United States.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S COTTAGE HOME.

HERE lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song ;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng ;
Here sang the lips elated ;
Here grief and death were sated ;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.
JOHN H. BONER, in *The Century*.

"ALAS ! all is now a dream !"

When Edgar Allan Poe penned these lines, back in the Summer of 1848, he was thinking of his "ideal home," Fordham, with all its grief and woe, had passed; nevertheless, his thoughts were doubtless an idealization of the real life he had spent underneath the vine-clad thatch that stood beside the King's Highway. He himself has told us something of those earlier day-dreams and of the banks of the quiet river where, secluded from the world, he exercised a taste controlled by no convention, the hum of busy city life far away. Ah ! how his fancies strayed to blooms of gorgeous, but not often rare, flowers in which the nest was buried—the delicious fragrance of magnolias, the clinging honeysuckle, the luxurious velvet lawns, the quiet, restful interior, the music and the books; then, too, the child-wife and the love that threw an unfading glory over the whole picture of Poe's "ideal home"!

The cottage wherein this dream was dreamed stands to this day. It is upon a bit of rising ground beside the old King's Highway, underneath the shelter of mighty cherry-trees, which throw a massive shade around this quaint and moldering ruin of the long-gone past. There was much talk of destroying the pretty place; the real estate "boomer" is abroad; choice building plats, with great, staring signs, announcing the grand opportunities, rise like a nightmare on every hand. Some years ago a society was formed in New York with the avowed purpose of preserving the Poe cottage. But troubles came; the scheme fell; only the other day the cottage was sold under a mortgage; now, however, the assurance comes that it is in good hands.

It is fifty-two years since Poe went to Fordham. At the time he was working as sub-editor on *The Northern Monthly* in New York City. He trudged in and out, some fifteen miles, daily; his biographers say that he was always at his desk at nine o'clock; how he managed to make the trip is a mystery. It was long before the days of street-cars. The cottage was on the old turnpike to Boston; no doubt Poe often took rides with farmers coming in with their truck.

Fordham was just the place for a poet's home. It was in a region richly endowed by Nature. There were small ponds here and there; there were winding streams peeping in and out among the splendid groves; there were hill-tops, quiet valleys and winding paths; not far away were the famous Washington Heights, from which the view gave to the majestic Hudson.

A writer, who saw the cottage in the early days, says that there was an acre or two of greensward fenced in about the house, as smooth as velvet and as clean-kept as a carpet. In the yard were lilac-bushes and cherry-trees. The house itself was neat, yet poor. The sitting-room was laid with matting; four chairs, a hanging stand for books and a small bureau completed its furniture. On the shelves were pretty presentation volumes. The Browns had a post of honor on the stand. The Poés were fond of pets. They kept a house-cat and some birds. Poe's mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, lived with him. The child-wife's name was Virginia. She is described as pale, black-eyed and beautiful, with the spirit and disposition of one wholly lovable and good.

"Poe," says the writer, "had somehow caught a full-grown bobolink. He had put him in a cage, which he had hung on a nail driven in the trunk of a cherry-tree. The poor bird was as unfit to live in a cage as his captor was to live in the world. He was as restless as his jailer, and sprang continually, in a fierce, frightened way, from one side of the cage to the other. Poe stood, his arms crossed, before the cage, a sublime trust in his ability to train the tormented bobolink."

Poe, at this time, was greatly distressed. His poor child-wife was almost a dissolved spirit. She was fading out of life, like an expiring breath. The pallor of her face, the lack-luster of her wondrous eyes, her coils of raven hair, offered strange contrasts that gave almost an unearthly look. When she coughed, it was plain that she was passing rapidly away.

Poe could not bring himself to write. He took a stroll with his friends in the woods. He was an expert in exercise. With the drollery of genius, Poe proposed a leap-frog game on the grass! He distanced all competitors. Yet, despite his rugged manliness, it is said that he was disturbed, on other occasions, even by the subdued rustle of a silk dress.

The Poe cottage has been vacant for years. The blinds are drawn; there is a dead, damp air about the place, which even the bright Summer sun and the green tints of Nature does not quite subdue. The impalpable shadow of mystery is here; there is something about the house that captivates; somber shades wrap the interior in vague, unreal effects, such as the great master of imagination might have used with fascinating power, brooding over some weird and beautiful poem.

When I paid a visit to the Poe place, the other day, I found it much as described. It is a simple, wayside cottage, standing on a piece of rising ground, at a turn in the road. It is half hidden by the shade of some clustering cherry and pear-trees. The cherries were ripe. There were green pears, of diminutive size, on the old pear branches. Before the door stood the largest pear-tree. A grand old cherry-tree, near the fence, had lately been blown down by the storm. It lay at full length in the yard. Near the road there were clusters of lilacs. An

old lady living near told me that the blooms were pink and white. Honeysuckle straggled along the north side of the house. Beside the porch were thick bunches that resembled dogwood sprouts. Further back in the yard were more trees, the sickle-pears. The shade was massive all about. The great cherry-trees alongside the road bent their boughs over the humble home, and when the wind blew, a cool rustle invited to repose. A wild robin hopped among the branches, plucking at the red cherries. In vain I looked for the nail, or the rust-spot, made by the iron upon which Poe had suspended his bobolink cage, fifty years before, but the flight of time had obliterated every mark. The bark was old, worn and full of seams. In one place a smooth surface had been cut, as though by the jack-knife, as though someone contemplated carving a name upon the gray old trunk. Maybe it was Poe himself who had cut that disc! But no name appeared.

For fifty years and more the wind and the rain have beaten down upon that old, weather-worn roof. The shingles, however, are not as bad as one might expect. The roof-tree sags in the middle. Over the porch the ship's hulls are curled and cracked; and as I looked sharp, I

is a mystery. There is a small kitchen, similar to a "lay back," adjoining. It looks out on the rear yard. There are flies here in the pane, too, and the slumbrous buzz is heard at irregular intervals. There are cobwebs in the corners, and dust and dirt everywhere. The house has not been aired in a long time; the air is musty and dead.

Retracing my steps, I pass again through the long parlor, where I observe a quaint, little, slice-like closet built in the wall; it escaped me the first time. It is but a few inches wide; a single board suffices for a door; there are snug shelves here and there; within, perhaps, the child-wife kept her few, poor dishes. Poe did not write "The Raven" at Fordham, but it was evolved about this period. Sitting in the desolate, rambling chamber on a bleak December night, his silent vigil, as he reviewed the immortal poem, must have been to him as the presence of death. For, when it was penned, he was inspired by a bitter self-accusation of imaginary wrongs to Virginia; now Virginia was dead; were there a basis of fact to the fanciful thoughts which had animated the poem, those imaginations must now have appealed with irresistible force. In poverty, deep in the night, the sad heart sits alone; an imaginative dread animates the material with a positive sense of the supernatural. What is that noise?

"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Ah! what ecstasies of dread and excitement have been lived within these narrow walls! Could but the place give voice; could but the past return; could but this haunt of genius re-echo with the secret thoughts that made the rambling room once big with fascinating interest! But the Past comes back at no man's beck, and imagination knows but one word in answer to all human longings in this empty house—"Nevermore!"

The night Virginia died, in the humble, vine-clad cottage in Fordham, all the light went out of Poe's life. His dream of an "ideal home," whatever it might

have been, and however impossible of realization, was gone forever. They say that, night after night, deprived of the sympathy and companionship of his dear child-wife, he suffered the exquisite agony of loneliness; this he sought to assuage by rising from his sleepless pillow, dressing himself and wandering to the grave of his lost one, where, throwing himself upon the cold ground, he would weep bitterly for hours together.

Here is the room in which Virginia died.

It is a small place, panned in off the main room, and was used, so I understand, by the poet as a place, in happier hours, for meditation. A single rear window lets in light. Do you know how she died? It was in the Autumn. She sank rapidly in consumption. She lay on a bed of straw, wrapped in Poe's coat; in her bosom, to keep her warm, nestled a tortoise-shell house-cat. Now and then her husband held her hands. The coat and the cat were her only means of warmth. So died the beautiful child-wife, Virginia Poe.

Upstairs—the winding way starts almost before the door leading to the porch—there is a long, wide hall, running the length of the cottage. Doors lead from this to bedrooms; there are three; there is nothing special to emphasize their appearance. The ceilings slope, as in gable houses. The rooms are dark, dirty and dusty.

It was during the period of solitary life at Fordham that Poe wrote the mystic "Ulalume," by many critics considered the most original and weirdly suggestive of all his poems. He is also said to have written a book entitled "Phases of American Literature," but the manuscript has been lost. He contemplated starting a monthly to be named *The Stylus*, for the purpose of raising funds for which he lectured on "The Universe." All his plans came to an end, as did his poverty, soon after he quitted the Fordham cottage: he left it in the Summer of 1849; in the Fall he was dead.

And as I quitted the humble cottage I turned and looked back, from the bend in the road, to wave my last adieu. The quaint, old place, with its impalpable shadow of mystery, lay full under the wan splendors of the sinking sun; its rude, neat, but poor exterior, weather-worn, battered and moldering, appealed with melancholy interest to its new friend. Back came a remembrance of the fact that here it was that the poet had finally retreated, weary with the world and the rude inequalities of life; wandering from publisher to publisher with his print-like manuscripts, and finding no market for his brain; often in danger of being thrust upon the world homeless and beggared; while the beautiful Virginia was fading like a breath before his eyes. The slings and slights suffered by him whose greatest sorrow was the exquisite grief of being all his life misunderstood, are passed for good and forever; Poe's bones are dust and his spirit has plumed itself for flight beyond the stars; but his memory still remains, to which we all may pay the mute and kindly tribute of a sigh.

Let his humble home be preserved!

J. H. G.



THE COTTAGE, FROM THE ROAD.

JULY 9, 1892.]

ONCE A WEEK.

7



ENGLAND and America are about to be partners in misery. The old country is to elect a new Parliament and we to select a President, so it is probable that we won't find in the English newspapers any of the sarcastic articles about American election excitements such as have in past years filled a great many columns which might have been devoted to useful local matter and also more truthfully filled. Although so many races are represented in this country that it is no longer the proper thing to allude to England as America's mother, human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, and any general election in England is as strongly marked by bribery, corruption, lying and mud-slinging as the most vicious Presidential struggle in the United States. They call names in earnest over there, and indulge in personalities quite as freely as any section of the United States; and they don't always elect the right man, either, no matter how large the name or how old the family of the successful candidate. Party feeling is quite as strong there, too, as it is here. As for the race question, England, in her blundering over Irish affairs, has been quite as unreasonable and sectional as any portion of the United States which has ranged itself on one side or other of the exasperating "color line." When England succeeds in doing justice to Ireland it will be time for her journalists to criticise American conduct regarding affairs down South.

The investigation which is going on at the present time of a large pension case, upon which more than fifteen thousand dollars have been drawn without any benefit whatever to the soldier for whose disability the pension was issued, should call attention of Congressmen and other persons interested in keeping down the expenses of the United States to the fact that pensions are issued for the purpose of assisting persons who suffered in the military and naval service, and who are, to a more or less extent, unable to properly care for themselves. The pension roll is not a "roll of honor," so far as the outlay of money is concerned, and there ought to be an outbreak of public spirit which should prevent men receiving pay a quarter of a century after a war has ended for services which did not impoverish them and for which the people paid the full market price at the time. Soldiers as well as civilians will see the justice of this statement and principle—unless they chance to be receiving pensions themselves.

Once more there is a rumor that a big attack upon Mexico is being planned on the American side of the Rio Grande. Our sister republic has our hearty sympathies, but also have the United States. The American side of the Rio Grande is for hundreds of miles in length and from fifteen to fifty miles in width an almost impenetrable thicket, without roads broader than footpaths, so that it cannot be scouted and watched as if it were a bit of civilized country. About half of the few settlers in this thicket are Mexicans by birth and feeling, and what may go on at their "ranches" cannot be discovered except by a more thorough system of spying than either nation has yet thought fit to devise. Should an outbreak occur on the Mexican side of the border, the participants being from our own side, all of our army officers will heartily wish that the whole party may be captured and imprisoned, shot or even hanged. There is no nation toward which the American military authorities are more at peace than with Mexico, nor is there any class of possible malcontents, Indians not excepted, whom our army would not rather "smoke out," except for the impossibility of chasing them and finding them.

There are indications that the cholera scare is to torment the people of the United States this year, but such scares may always be turned into blessings. Cholera travels slowly; all experiences with it have proved that it is conveyed by individuals—not by the wind. In some countries—the lower-lying provinces of India, for instance—it is ever present, and makes a westward trip once in awhile, with a band of pilgrims, to some place where the conditions suit it so well that it makes itself at home. It has frequently been stamped out of cities of Western Asia so thoroughly that there was not enough of it left to go further. For it to have reached the great Russian petroleum port of Baku, on the Caspian Sea, indicates that it may get into Russia, where there are some large areas of congenial soil, but European nations to the westward of Russia have an effective way of guarding their borders against such visitors. The United States have most to fear cholera when the disease invades the larger Mediterranean ports. Before by any possibility it reaches this country there will be time for our people to clean house, empty or fill old cesspools and other foul receptacles, make sure that sources of water supply are unpolluted and "lay in" plenty of toilet soap and towels. Cholera is helpless, except where there are dirty people and filthy surroundings.

Some malign spirit seems to have superintended the operations of founders of great American cities. New York is on an island which can't be approached except by ferries and bridges, New Orleans was built in a bog and Chicago seems not to be much better off. The recent overflow of Lake Michigan into a large portion of Chicago shows that whatever else may have been in the minds of the spirited founders of the Western metropolis, they didn't realize that the inhabitants of the coming city might not all be able to keep rowboats and naphtha launches in their own back yards. Hereafter, when small towns are being "boomed" to the size of cities, there ought to be a not blood-thirsty yet extremely inquiring vigilance committee formed to see that the place may be

easily entered, departed from and so located that it isn't liable to be washed out of existence during the small hours of the night. A few years ago there was to be a great Western metropolis at Cairo, Ill.; the site of the town was a mere point of very low ground at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and the settlers proved their faith by throwing up big levees to keep both rivers out of the town. But Western rivers have ways of their own, and laugh at what man can do with spade and wheelbarrow, so at the present time Cairo, observed from the inside, looks like a fortress, and a portion of what once was the Missouri bank of the Mississippi is now a little way inland in Illinois, so a Missouri chimney forty years ago may be discovered by anyone who will try to dig a well on the low ground west of the city. If we must have such cities, let us do it on the Chinese plan; on the Yellow River of China most of the inhabitants live in boats, so that they can get out of the way in time of high water.

Recent efforts of some preachers to reform the world by strong political sermons should teach all other preachers looking forward to similar work that the first thing necessary to success in such efforts is to get at the facts and state them correctly. People have a great deal of faith in the pulpit; when they are deceived by their favorite newspapers and political candidates they go to church with the feeling that whether their respective pastors be smart or stupid they will at least tell the truth; but when a statement is made from the pulpit which cannot be substantiated before a grand jury there comes to the honest parishioner's mind the sad question asked by Washington when he learned of the treason of Benedict Arnold, "Whom now can we trust?" It is quite safe on general principles to call bad names to all politicians who exist for revenue only, but it takes facts to get a conviction, and without a conviction a case had better be left alone. It is quite easy to explain how it is that preachers make blunders like a few which have become prominent recently, but explanations are not excuses. When a man gets up in the pulpit to talk about religion he generally knows his subject better than any of his hearers know it, but it doesn't follow that he shall be equally successful in politics. There are hundreds of newspapers, each of which keeps scores of men at work, nosing out the iniquities of men who make their living by holding office, but not one of them would feel justified in making statements such as have been heard from a number of pulpits in New York and elsewhere during the past few weeks.

More trouble with the Indians is announced by the Secretary of the Interior as likely to occur in the near future, unless claims made by some of the redskins for degradations are adjudicated and paid. It does not seem as if it would pay the government to support at Washington not only one Indian ring, but two; the second to consist of claimants for damages. The Indian claims a great deal too much at times, without doubt; but it would be cheaper to pay him all he asks than to have an Indian war with all of its privations, excitements and horrors. If the government should look upon this proposition with distrust, then two or three smart lawyers might form a combination and take all Indian claims on speculation. It has long been understood by white men that no claim at Washington has a living chance unless there is somebody behind it to push it, but the Indians themselves have not yet learned this much of civilization. They are trustful enough to think that the Great Father means to keep all his promises and ignorant enough not to know that the Great Father hasn't any more influence than a post-trader in such matters as the securing of justice for people who are too poor and ignorant to look out for themselves.

Wonders will never cease, and the most wonderful of all in recent times is the dispatch from Paris that a recent fatal duel over there has aroused a strong feeling against the practice of men fighting their quarrels to a finish with sword or pistol. Bills have been introduced in the Chamber of Deputies to suppress dueling entirely, and two men who often have risked their lives on the field of honor have rushed into print against the custom, one urging the closing of schools of fencing and the other calling for the entire abolition of dueling. The truth seems to be that some men don't shoot as well as they used to, while others have grown more expert; in either case someone is likely to be killed, which isn't at all according to European customs on the field of honor. Dueling used to be a mildly exciting form of amusement; when men met with swords their seconds were quick to stop them when the fun became too furious; as to pistols, not one man in a thousand can hit another at twenty paces, no matter how bloodthirsty he may be. Now, however, that a Frenchman, who has had some business-like practice with the revolver on our own Western plains has gone back home and made himself conspicuous by his skill with firearms, there is a probability that the code must go—or the duelists go to jail. Either plan will be entirely effective.

Another big warship has been launched with a bottle of champagne over its prow and the American eagle indulging in a metaphorical scream as the handsome hull glided into the water; but what is to be done with all these big vessels after they are finished begins to be a serious question, for there are not enough men in the navy to man them, except through the retirement of ships already afloat. Nobody wants to see the United States competing with certain foreign nations as a naval power; but the people who pay the taxes, and consequently pay for the new vessels, would prefer that each new ship be around and about and going through the motions of doing something, instead of remaining tied up at a dock for lack of a crew. Congress has ample time to provide for the deficiency in the personnel of the navy before the end of the present session, and it ought to do it. Strange though it may seem to some members from the fresh-water districts, it takes time to make a good sailor, and the men available from whom to select the raw material are not as numerous as may be supposed. Americans won't go into

the navy if they can help it, except with the prospect of epaulets to be obtained by way of the Naval Academy, and foreign sailors are busy enough elsewhere not to be attracted at quick call by the pay and treatment which "Jacky" receives aboard one of our national ships.

The bicyclers continue to be the most effective advocates of the improvement of roads throughout the United States, and it shows how startlingly great the need for improvement is. The several great rides which have been made during the past few weeks have shown that even in the older and most thickly-settled States it is almost impossible for men, carrying little more than there own weight, to get through, during a wet season, the best roads that can be selected for them. The most forcible papers that have been written on the subject are from the pens of practical 'cyclists, and in each of these are statements which cannot be denied nor explained away, and nearly all of the comprehensive plans for road improvement are also being devised by the wheelmen. Bicycling has heretofore been regarded only as an amusement, but now it seems probable that the wheelmen will be of more use to the farming community, which suffers most from bad roads, than all legislators, supervisors and town committees combined.

Another national bank in a rural district has closed, and men and women of money-saving propensities in an enormous area of country surrounding the defunct institution may be depended upon to hide their money for a few years instead of placing it where it would do the most good to themselves and be available, also, for use by other people who are willing to pay a fair rate of interest. There seems to be no way of insuring the honesty of bank officials, but such accidents should make the entire banking fraternity devote their wits more industriously to the old proposition, frequently revived but not yet carried into effect, that national banks should impose upon themselves a small tax to be applied to the insurance of depositors throughout the country. Nothing clogs business worse in any community than the hiding away of money. So long as savings go into banks and can be loaned again, the currency existing in any portion of the community may be worked for all it is worth; but prices go down, business stagnates and everybody begins to complain of hard times as soon as the bank fails and depositors have trouble about getting their money.

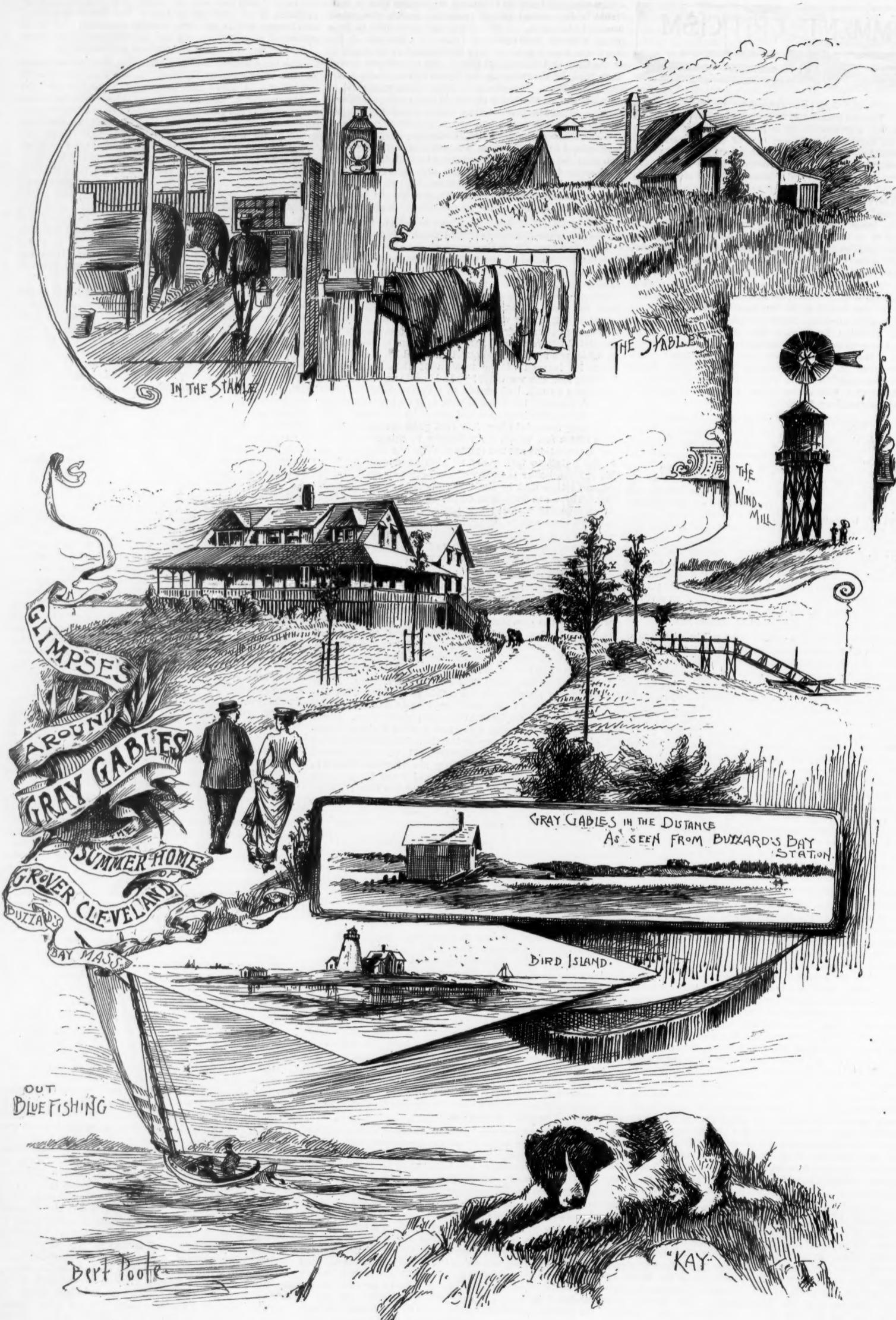
The charges against Captain Borup, military attaché of our legation at Paris, are not stimulative of national pride, and it is to be hoped that they will be quickly disproved, for the complaint is that the officer obtained some French military secrets and sold them to other European nations. It shouldn't be any secret, however, that the purpose of any nation in maintaining a military attaché in a foreign country is that he shall obtain all information about military and naval affairs which are not publicly published by the country to which he is accredited. He isn't exactly a spy, but it certainly is his business to learn a great deal which nations do not care to teach to their neighbors, or even to lands far away from them. There is a very broad line between information which may be interesting to the receiver and that which the giver would not part from at any price if he could help it escaping him, and the business of obtaining it has been conducted in all countries with such industry at times as to justify the Powers in general in resolving, through a mutual agreement or in convention, to abolish the entire system, which has been the cause of a great deal of suspicion and bad feeling.

Whisky has been too much for a great many men and recently has seemed too much even for the United States Government. The history of the prosecution of the Whisky Trust is one that no member of the government should be willing to hear mentioned in his presence. There was a pretense of doing a great deal, and a great deal of money was spent in doing it, but nothing came of it, and, worst of all, nothing much was expected by those who knew most about the affair. There is too much money in whisky in the United States, and there will continue to be so long as the business is managed as it has been for a number of years. For this management the lawmaking branch of the government is largely responsible. The question is not at all one of prohibition or free liquor, so no public-spirited citizen or legislator need hesitate to take up the cudgels against the trust and everyone connected with it.

ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY.

NEW FICTION TO COME FROM DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

A book which the Government of Russia has prohibited from circulating in that country will be issued in two parts, with Vol. IX., Nos. 13 and 14. We have paid the author his price for the book, though we cannot copyright it in this country. After carefully examining this sensational production in the light of the indisputable facts of the Russian social and political situation, we firmly believe that the main plot of its thrilling narrative is true to life. The novel is not, however, a political novel, pure and simple. It may best be described as a story of circumstantial evidence. In a series of surprising situations a young Englishman finds himself, successively: in love with a charming young lady, who is a Russian Nihilist in disguise; carrying, for her sake, from Genoa to St. Petersburg, an infernal machine under seal, thinking all the time he had a casket of jewels; delivering the "casket" to an unknown and suspicious personage under the eyes of Russian spies; in a Russian dungeon under the River Neva, charged with murder; on his way to Siberia with other unfortunates, guarded by Cossacks, from whom he escapes and returns to England; arrested for and almost convicted of two horrible murders in London; saved from the gallows by the fair Russian Nihilist, whom he met and married on his return to his native land. On his trial, Scotland Yard and many of his former club friends in London firmly believe him guilty. The story is by far the most dramatic literary performance that has appeared in English literature for many years.



[Sketched by a Special Artist of ONCE A WEEK.]

JULY 9, 1892.]

ONCE A WEEK.

9

HE SPANS A CONTINENT.

(Twelfth of a Series of Illustrated Interviews.)

A REMARKABLE man is Collis P. Huntington. Of gigantic stature and powerful intellect, he is well calculated to typify the successful and progressive American. His great fortune of fifty million dollars, entirely accumulated by his own efforts and business sagacity, proves the possibilities in a country where all men are free and equal.

He is at the head of a transportation system that extends from ocean to ocean—a railroad from San Francisco via New Orleans to Louisville, Ky., with many branches, and a steamship line from New Orleans to New York. The corporate interests which he controls employ an army of say seventy thousand men, which means the support of a third of a million of people.

Mr. Huntington is plain in all his ways. He is abstemious almost to self-denial. He eschews stimulants, tobacco and intemperate language. He works hard, walks when the distance and the weather will permit.

"How must the railroads be controlled to avert ruinous competition and to impart to them stability as investments?" I asked Mr. Huntington.

"The railroads must be controlled by the government or else merged in great parent operating companies. Government control, if by ownership, would have serious disadvantages. For one thing they would be converted into political machines and the efficiency of the force employed upon them would be impaired. Control by operating companies in natural divisions of territory would be most feasible and productive of the best results. The Missouri River might be taken to separate the East from the West and the Ohio and the Potomac River to again divide the Eastern section. It would not be possible, however, to make exact geographical divisions. The thing to be done is to put under one management all the roads reaching the same centers and competing for the same business. Rate wars would be ended. There would be enormous saving in expenses by the abolition of the separate organizations, and unnecessary construction would be avoided. The service, too, would be improved, for it would be adjusted to the traffic."

"Do you consider that the railroads are principally responsible for the development of the country?"

"The country certainly could not have been opened up as it has been except for the railroads. A railroad adds immensely to the value of the section through which it passes. We built a railroad up the San Joaquin Valley in California. Up to that time the land in the valley had been of no value except for herding, because it was inaccessible. It could be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. When the railroad was finished it was worth twenty-five dollars an acre. That is a good illustration of what a railroad does for a part of the country that needs one. The people who were benefited had to do nothing to enrich themselves."

"Where is the greatest railroad construction likely to be in the future?"

"The far Southwest has the most unoccupied territory, but railroads are expensive things and there are many considerations to deter construction. The railroads are subjected to excessive restrictions and taxation. The damages which they have to pay are out of all proportion to the real harm. I was looking at a herd of cattle grazing alongside a railroad down in Texas and asked a man who did not know me what they were worth a head. 'On this side of the fence,' he replied, 'they are worth ten dollars, but on the other side,' pointing to the railroad track, 'they are worth twenty dollars.' Hostile legislation makes it almost impossible in some States for the railroads to be run at a profit and constitutes a good argument for government ownership."

"As every sensible man can see, on a moment's reflection, the corporation must fall back for protection upon the conservative branch of the government—that is, the courts; and no person or corporation will further expand its investments in that direction. The result is, that development, which is the natural and inevitable outcome of railroad property all over the world, is arrested and the interest of the State suffers."

"From what cause has resulted the largest amount of railroad construction?"

"Speculation. Had it not been for the speculative element that there was in the share capital, there would probably be less than twenty thousand miles of railroad in the United States now, instead of say one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles, as there are. I suppose not one railroad in twenty has returned a profit to the men

who built it, although in every case gains were expected from the enterprise. The trouble has been that the projectors were too sanguine, and population and business did not keep up with their expectations. A road might be reorganized on a basis of much less than its actual cost and still not be able to meet its charges. Then another reorganization would follow with an accompanying loss."

"How did you come to engage in railroad enterprise?"

"I was engaged in the hardware and metal business at Sacramento."

"As the people on the Pacific coast wanted railroad communication with the East, I, with others, built the Central Pacific. We built thirty-one miles of road and had it in operation and earning money before we broke ground further. We next built twenty-three miles to Colfax, and got that in operation. We kept on in that way until the road was completed. If we had spread out our money along the entire line at the outset, as is often done by railroad builders, we probably would never have crossed the Sierra Nevadas."

"Not for the United States. Canada extends away off to the north and Mexico to the south. We do not need them, for our own country is big enough to accommodate all who are likely to come here. The Mexicans are a people whose customs, language and disposition are different from ours; yet they are a good people and capable of a great development. Of course, one does not know what political complications may arise there; but at present Mexico is fortunate in being governed wisely. General Diaz I know personally, and I have much admiration for him. He is a man of blood and iron, ruling his people with a steady and not unkind hand, though with a force and hard sense of justice that the Mexican, with his different temperament from ours, ought to appreciate and, I believe, does. I once instructed a railroad official connected with our Mexican line to employ Mexicans wherever he could. He said they were not fitted for the work and could not be made to do it well. 'Try them,' said I, and he did so, and reported at the end of a year that it was a failure. 'Try them another year,' said I, 'and if the result is still not satisfactory try them two years; try them twenty years, if necessary, until you are absolutely certain.' He wrote to me, a long while ago, something like this: 'I haven't tried the Mexicans twenty years yet, nor three years; but I have tried them long enough to find out that they make good material after all; in fact, some of our very best men are Mexicans.' Which only goes to show that all men need experience before they are perfect."

"What is the best solution of the rapid transit problem in New York?"

"That is a hard question to answer. It is practically out of the question to build a railroad under Broadway, at least below Madison Square. I had the plans made in 1869 for an arcade road under Broadway. I proposed to have four tracks, the two inside ones for express trains and the two outside ones for way trains. My scheme was for a road from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil. It would have made another well-lighted and well-ventilated street below the surface of Broadway. The cost I figured at fourteen and a half million dollars. I should have got the line running from the Battery to Union Square before I built further. I intended to ask A. T. Stewart and other large property holders to subscribe to the enterprise, and I have no doubt they would have done so. At the time I had the money necessary to carry on the work. It was a question whether I should choose the Broadway enterprise or the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The Board of Public Works of Virginia urged me so strongly to go into the Chesapeake and Ohio that I did so. In Broadway there were then only the sewers, water pipes and gas mains to be encountered. Since then steam-heating mains and electric conduits, and the Lord only knows what else, have been put down and a cable road has been built."

"Are the opportunities for making large fortunes as great as ever?"

"Yes. The opportunities exist in all directions. Great for-

tunes, however, are by no means necessary to human happiness. The working man with a home, one thousand dollars laid aside and good wages is as well off as the millionaire. The workingmen are held down by their unions. By the rules of the unions everything is scaled down to what the poorest man can do and the poorest workman receives as much pay as the best one. There is no chance for the good workman to rise. He bears the burden of the incompetent workman. When I was a young man carpenters, for instance, were paid according to the amount of work they were able to do and the skill with which they did it. The competent workman was thus able to become an employer himself. The unions keep decreasing the hours of labor and increasing the rate of pay. By this policy they exclude America from competition in the markets of the world. I believe in good wages for workingmen, but I also believe in adequate returns to employers. The unions are more autocratic than any monopolies that ever were formed. If anybody employed by me desires to talk with me about his wages or his hours of work I am always glad to confer with him, for he is on the ground of fair discussion; but if he comes to dictate whom I shall or shall not employ or how I shall run my business, I have only one answer to make, and that is that the only way he can run my business is by buying me out. If the unions were for moral elevation, or for benevolent purposes, or to resist oppression, they would be all right. But they are not. They are organized to enforce demands or exactions, and that is where they are all wrong. If a building is going up and the walking delegate finds a stone that was not quarried by union hands he orders all work stopped. There is no sense nor justice in such a proceeding."

HOWARD IRVING SMITH.



C. P. HUNTINGTON,
THE ONLY MAN WHO CONTROLS A LINE OF RAILROAD FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.



MIDSUMMER MILLINERY.

LARGE hats are picturesque, original and eccentric. Leghorn hats are again greatly in vogue. Nutmeg and chip straws are combined effectively. The nutmeg is one of the newest makes of coarse straw, and in this pink crown with black brims are exceedingly smart. Flowers and even tiny ostrich plumes are arranged under the wide brim of hats. Black hats, with open-work brims are trimmed with a dainty admixture of feathers and rosettes, formed of mixed pink, blue, green and yellow ribbon. Some black chips show the double crown known as the Tam-o'-Shanter with a frill below. Soft-crowned hats and drawn hats, made in net with ruches of lace at the edge, are trimmed with wired butterfly bows of lace in black or white. The Marie Stuart bonnet, with a lace crown, is very smart. Many bonnets have conical crowns and others jam-pot crowns, sloping backward. Little bonnets of forget-me-nots and other tiny blossoms are suitable for the races and garden fêtes. A favorite trimming for bonnets is a fringe of unripe corn or grass. It is put on rather thickly round the brim of the bonnet, so as to rest on the hair. It is generally surmounted by a tuft of red poppies and a knot of velvet to match, the ends of which are carried back from the strings of the bonnet. Red velvet, by the way, has superseded the cornflower-blue so fashionable last season. A novelty in hat trimmings is finely plissé mouseline de soie, with a tiny spray of ostrich feathers fastened to the edge of each fold. Hats with strings look well with some gowns, but are sadly out of place with wide, outstanding collars, or with feather boas when they give a distressingly muffled-up appearance. Cherries are a favorite garniture for millinery this season, and many bonnets are made simply of cherries and grass, with ties of cherry-red velvet. A beautiful little bonnet of bronze straw has a brim of moss, which is being used effectively on many bonnets, and has in front a tiny bow of green ribbon with a cluster of lilies. A very smart Leghorn has a band of green velvet, covered with cream-colored guipure round its small, high crown, and is trimmed with a huge bunch of red, pink and blush roses. Crownless bonnets are worn for dress occasions. The "Valerie" is a good example. It is of pale-pink velvet, with bows of cream Brussels lace and paste pins. There are four narrow strings of black moire ribbon. Arched bands of jet and jet Mephistos with cream osprey trim it in smart fashion. The "Imperial" is a decidedly new and attractive shape. It is a Tuscan-colored Leghorn brim and black nutmeg crown. It is trimmed with huge crimson roses, black plumes, black satin bow and paste buckle.

THE CARE OF JEWELS.

WHEN the brilliancy of your diamonds is dimmed or your gold ornaments become tarnished it is not necessary to hurry them off to the jeweler. With a little care and attention you may restore their beauty and save delay and annoyance. With a good nailbrush and a box of bran you may do wonders. Carefully brush the diamonds with soapsuds and rinse in cologne-water. Then place them in the box of bran and shake them thoroughly. You will be surprised at the brilliancy they will acquire. By drawing a slip of tissue paper through the interstices of rings or brooches, you can remove any particles of bran which may adhere to the ornaments. Cut stones should never be wiped after being washed. Rinse and place in sawdust until they are quite dry. If your opals have been scratched, you can renew their polish by rubbing with oxide of tin or putty spread on a chamois-skin and moistened. Afterward polish with powdered chalk and then wash the opal with a soft brush. Amber, when tarnished, should be rubbed with pulverized chalk and water; then with olive-oil and dried with a woolen cloth. Pearls may be kept from tarnishing by shutting them up in a box of ash-wood. Gold ornaments should be washed in soapsuds and rinsed in pure water. Cover with sawdust and leave until quite dry, then rub them with a chamois-skin. Silver filigree ornaments, when tarnished, should be washed in a weak solution of potash. Then rinsed in a water composed of one part salt, one of alum, two of salt-peter, four of water. Rinse again in cold water and dry with a chamois-skin. Oxidized silver should be cleaned with a solution of sulphuric acid, one part to forty parts of water. Nickel and silver may be kept bright by being rubbed with a woolen cloth saturated in ammonia-water. Ivory may be cleaned by rubbing with a brush dipped in hot water and then sprinkled and rubbed with bicarbonate of soda.

THE LANDLADY'S STORY.

THE landlady had a story to tell us. We had been rooming on the second floor, front, for about two months—the bookkeeper and I—and she had gotten pretty well acquainted with us by this time. We had frequently encouraged her to relate to us her troubles and experiences, for John Harrison, the bookkeeper, has a tender sort of heart—a country heart, the boys all tell him—and he is about the best man to listen to other people's tales in this town.

The landlady stood at our door with our week's rent in her fingers, so was in a talkative mood.

"You gentlemen are not superstitious, are you?"

We daringly assured her that we were not.

"I was wondering whether I had better tell you—"

We urged her to go ahead with her story.

"Well, a little more than a year ago, there was a young woman had this room and she died here."

John and I looked at each other and both of us gave an involuntary shrug and shiver.

"It was sort o' odd, her case was," continued the landlady, fumbling our erstwhile bills in her hands.

"She came to me as much as a year before she died. She said she was from out West somewhere—Minnesota, I think it was. She was a shorthand-writer, and she had a position with a downtown office. She never had any visitors, and she only went out a few times while she was here. Well, she got sick, and the doctor came down and told me one evening that she would not live till morning. I felt mighty sorry, I tell you, for I always liked the girl." And the warm-hearted woman's eyes began to moisten a little, so we had to try to help her along.

"What seemed to be the trouble with her?" asked John.

"The doctor said it was something like brain fever, though I never saw much of the fever. She was delirious most of the time, and I had to keep my oldest girl Mary with her when I was away. Well, I came up to this room with a pretty heavy heart that evening, I tell you.

"I asked her about her friends. She told me that her mother and a sister lived in a certain town out West, and I had seen letters from the same place for her.

"I asked her how she happened to come to New York, and after waiting a long while she turned to me and told me a little of it.

"First," she said, "promise not to write to my mother what I say." I promised her. I could see she felt like she wanted to talk about her troubles to someone."

John mumbled something about it being human nature to want to, intending to encourage the story.

"Well, it seems she had met, while away from home, at some school in Chicago, a man, about six years ago, with whom she had fallen in love. They were engaged to be married. He came East. She went to work in some office out at Dubuque, Ia. Later she went home to Minnesota. For four or five years she had not heard a word from her lover. Then he wrote her that he was in business in New York and wanted her to come and act as his typewriter.

"Well, she came, and the old lovers met. He told her nothing about himself, nor of his reasons for neglecting her, but gave her a good salary and kept her busy.

"She had to support her mother and sister, so she was glad to have the work. I suppose the poor girl liked to be near the man she had expected to marry, too."

John had an idea at this juncture.

"It was the old story?" he asked.

"Well, not so old, I don't think. At least, I think it came out a little different than most of these things do. As time went on the man showed her a good deal of kindness, and I suppose a good deal of tenderness. And she confessed that he had given her theater tickets, which she had never used.

"He got to coming almost home with her evenings, always leaving her out here at the corner. The girl came to think that after all the years they would be happy at last. She worked for him as no woman ever worked, and so she helped him to plan and scheme and make more money. Still, he said nothing about love.

"One day a lady came into the office and seemed familiar with her employer. He introduced her to the girl as his wife.

"That was the first she knew that he was married. He hadn't the courage to tell her until he had to. I suppose he had married unhappily, and he felt as though he would like to have his old sweetheart near him, even though they could be nothing to each other.

"But I believe that her death was not half as much owing to brain fever as to heart fever, or whatever you call it."

"Did she die that night?" asked John.

"Yes, just before break of day. I sat up with her all night, and while I was downstairs for a moment getting some fresh water I thought I heard her call. I ran back up here and found her dead."

"Say, it's queer that such thing could have happened right in this room, isn't it?" theorized John.

"Yes, there's lots of queer things in this world," the landlady said.

"She was sent home for burial, and, as I notified the man of the death of his typewriter promptly, he stood the expense of sending her body home. He didn't come here until several days after the event, however, having sent the money by his clerk.

"When he came he asked me to let him see the room in which the young woman had died. He told me to keep it fixed up, just as she had always had it, and to let no one go into it. He paid me six months' rent for it in advance. I asked him if he wanted it always kept so, and he said: 'Yes, forever.'

"I never saw him again but once. Just after dark I was sitting by the parlor-window, before lighting the gas, and I saw him standing on the opposite side of the street, watching the window of the room. In a few minutes he walked away. When the six months had elapsed I wrote to him, asking him if he wanted to pay any more rent for the room, and I got no reply.

"He had outlined his sentimental idea. And that is where the story is the old, old one," concluded the landlady, as she sighed three or four times, asked us if we thought we needed a fire in our stove and went downstairs.

FANCY-WORK ODDS AND-ENDS.

A PRETTY table-cover may be made from ordinary linen bedtick; cover the dark stripes with gold braid; work the light stripes with silks of various hues. Line the back with silk and finish with a border of gold lace. A pretty cushion may also be made from the same homely material

by covering the stripes with velvet ribbons of different shades and widths, laid on, commencing from the center. These ribbons are secured at the edge with fancy stitches in gold thread, and between the ribbon stripes all sorts of designs, such as stars, butterflies and fans, may be embroidered. A charming bassinet-cover for baby may be made of finest white cashmere, powdered all over with forget-me-nots and tiny butterflies. In the center the word "Baby" is embroidered, each letter being formed of tiny blossoms. The border is composed of festoons of forget-me-nots, tied with fillets of ribbon, the whole design being done in filo-selle of a delicate blue.

MISS BESSIE DEAN.

THE hour of the Chicago girl is drawing nigh. The coming exhibition will, among other things, demonstrate to the world in general, and New York in particular, that the Windy City has been grossly misrepresented in the matter of its daughters, and that the Chicago girl is not a gawky, ignorant, big-footed and badly-dressed creature. The typical Chicago young woman is chic, dashing, self-



possessed and a raving beauty. Among the North Side belles there is no more popular girl than Bessie Dean, daughter of Thaddeus Dean, the millionaire lumber dealer, and one of the best-known of the board of trade men. Miss Dean is tall and stately, with wonderful Titian hair and eyes that recite poems, as one enthusiastic admirer expresses it. Her face is spirituelle and spirited. She is an accomplished artist, pianist and violinist, a graceful dancer and a witty conversationalist, and she is altogether a characteristic type of the much-abused, fearfully-maligned Chicago girl.

A MAN never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he is often sorry that he found out.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

July 10—Sunday—"Any life that is worth living must be a struggle."—Dean Stanley.

July 11—Monday—"Good deeds are trophies erected in the hearts of men."—Xenophon.

July 12—Tuesday—"Never doth Time travel faster Than when his way lies among flowers."—Moore.

July 13—Wednesday—"Disasters, do the best we can, Will reach both great and small; And he is oft the wisest man Who is not wise at all."—Wordsworth.

July 14—Thursday—"Life is a business, not good cheer."—George Herbert.

July 15—Friday—"The sunniest things cast sternest shade. And there is even a happiness That makes the heart afraid."—Hood.

July 16—Saturday—"Things have been mended that were worse, And the worse, the nearer they are to mend."—Longfellow.

Oily Sallow Skin After using your Complexion Brush for six weeks I have surprised myself and my friends with a healthy complexion.

Wrinkles A lady sixty years old has succeeded in removing the wrinkles from her neck, and many other ladies have caused them to disappear from their faces by using our Complexion Brush regularly.

Development A handsome neck is one of the principal points of beauty in woman. A lady tells us of a friend who has developed a thin, spare neck to one of roundness and beauty by the regular use of our Complexion Brush.

For Bathing It will be found old and young. The FLAT-ENDED TEETH by their compact arrangement remove the dead cuticle and increase the circulation wonderfully.

The above is what Ladies tell us Bailey's Rubber

COMPLEXION BRUSH

has done for them and it will do as much for you.

The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods Catalogue mailed Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



(Each Department written by a Recognized Authority.)
RACETRACKS LOSING THEIR GRIP.

THAT racing is fast losing its hold on the public was attested by the small crowds that witnessed the sport at the June meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club. With the exception of Suburban Day, the attendance at Sheephead Bay was anything but satisfactory to this club, which heretofore has always attracted the largest crowds. There is more than one reason for this falling off of public patronage. In the first place, the racing associations are no longer catering to the public, but to the bookmakers. This is shown by the increased number of short dashes on the daily programme, when the enthusiastic racegoer is in favor of long-distance racing. Then, again, the high tariff imposed upon the bookmakers by the jockey clubs renders it impossible for the layers of the odds to offer anything like liberal prices. One of the biggest pencilers in the ring told me that it cost him two hundred dollars a day before he could put a mark on the board. The clubs exact one hundred dollars a day for the privilege of making a book, club hire amounts to fifty dollars more, and what with touts, attendants and other begging nuisances, business is begun with a loss of two hundred dollars. This has to be made up, and the public suffers in consequence.

That the bookmakers are also dissatisfied is shown by the great falling off of stands. When the season opened on May 16th, one hundred and twenty pencilers shouted the odds. Now sixty stands are considered a big ring. Another reason for the decreased attendance is the pool-rooms, of which this city alone can boast at least seventy-five. Probably thirty or forty thousand people play the races in these rooms daily, and it is reasonable to suppose that if the rooms were closed one-third of that large number would patronize the racetrack. The jockey clubs must find some means of closing the poolrooms, and I think the best way to fight them would be to cut down the price of stands at the track to fifty dollars. This would attract twice as many bookies, insure better odds and could not fail to draw the public, inasmuch as the rooms could not afford to offer as good prices against the horses as the men at the track.

GOLD AND BLACK.

WITH THE TROTTERS.

Lovers of trotting sport will be pleased to learn of Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes's decision to have Arion, the wonderful colt with a two-year-old record of 2:10 3-4, trained and driven this season, with a view to lowering the three-year-old mark, 2:10 1-2, now held by Mr. Robert Bonner's famous mare Sunol. The great colt has been sent to Charles Marvin, at Meadville, and will probably make his attempt against time over the kite-shaped track near that place. Mr. Forbes also owns Nancy Hanks, 2:09, and the fleet daughter of Happy Medium, under Budd Doble's guidance, recently trotted a half-mile, on the Terre Haute track, in 1:03 1-2. Many shrewd horsemen believe that she will this year reduce the 2:08 1-4 champion record, now held by Sunol.

The trotting season generally has opened, and very many meetings have already been concluded, but nothing very sensational in the way of time has yet been reported. Trainers say that the weather conditions in the Spring were so unfavorable that horses, as a rule, have been late in coming to their speed. They anticipate plenty of record smashing next Autumn.

SPOONEY OGLE.

ON LEAGUE DIAMONDS.

As I predicted last week, the League baseball magnates are now engaged in cutting down the salaries of their players. The new order of things had to come. But the way the club owners are bringing it about is causing considerable adverse comment. The League clubs have a written agreement whereby the players are caught in a neat trap. By virtue of this agreement a player must accept a salary cut or his release. If he insists upon his release, it will be given to him; but not another club will engage him or make an offer for his services.

In this way the players are completely in the power of the magnates. But all this trouble can be laid at the feet of the players themselves. Their wild break under the cover of the Brotherhood in 1890 is the direct cause for the present lack of interest in baseball. The constant washing of dirty linen and the disclosure of the inside workings of baseball have pretty nearly disgusted the sport-loving public.

The New York Club has cut the salaries of all the Giants, from Captain "Glass Arm" Ewing down to the cross-eyed mascot. From a total of \$56,000 the club's payroll now foots up about \$40,000. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville and Pittsburgh have notified their ball-tossers that the goose that laid the golden egg has been unceremoniously killed. The Brooklyn Club alone is satisfied to live up to its present obligations.

The Eastern clubs of the League are now playing on the Western circuit, bringing to a close the first championship series of the season. They will be there just two weeks, returning in time to open the second season on July 15th, with the Western clubs as opponents. The Bostons have such a lead that unless they fall down on the present trip they will win the first pennant easily. The Philadelphias do better away from home than any other team, and for this reason I expect them to finish second, with Brooklyn a good third, Cincinnati fourth,

ONCE A WEEK.

Cleveland fifth, Chicago sixth, Pittsburg seventh, Washington eighth, St. Louis ninth, New York tenth, Louisville eleventh and Baltimore twelfth. The New Yorks are in such a demoralized state I don't expect them to win more than five out of the twelve or fourteen games they have to play, in which event the St. Louis Browns, playing on their own ground, will take ninth place away from them. Chicago and Cincinnati, together with Cleveland and Pittsburg, should more than hold their own.

THE TWIRLER.

THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE RACES.

The international canoe sailing contest for the famous Challenge Cup was sailed in Gravesend Bay, the contestants being Ford Jones, of the Brockville Canoe Club, of Brockville, Ontario, the challenger, and T. T. Oxholm, the defender chosen by the New York Canoe Club. The races were sailed off the float of the New York Canoe Club, adjoining the pier of the Bensonhurst Club, at Bensonhurst, L. I. The course was nine miles, three times over a triangle. On the first day there was a light sail breeze from the southwest. The race was called at fifty minutes past four o'clock, P.M. Oxholm crossed the line ten seconds after the gun, followed, two seconds later, by Jones. Oxholm lead from the start. At the end of the first lap he was 1m. 6s. ahead; the second time around he lead by 5m. 50s. He finished the course in 1h. 27m. 21s., winning by 9m. 55s. For the second trial there was a strong racing wind from the south, and light rigs were carried. Oxholm sailed under seventy-three square feet, while Jones carried eighty-eight.

The start was made at two minutes past three o'clock, P.M., the men passing the buoy together, Oxholm to windward. As before, Oxholm at once took the lead, which he steadily increased. At the finish of the first lap he was 3m. 2s. in advance, and at the end of the second, 3m. 45s. He finished in 1h. 35m. 21s., coming in 3m. 58s. ahead of Jones.

Oxholm, the American, sailed his new canoe, built by Captain Ruggles, the *Glenwood*. The Canadian went over the course in his weatherly little *Canuck*. The fame of these boats and the interest in the award of cup trophy make this contest one of special note to American canoeists. The cup, which has been successfully defended by canoeists of the American Canoe Association for six years, has been competed for as follows:

In 1886 it was first competed by William Baden Powell and Walter Stewart, two English canoeists, and William Whitlock and C. Bowyer Vaux, of the New York Canoe Club. Vaux won and retained the trophy for two years.

In 1888 Reginald Blake, of the American Canoe Association, successfully defended it in a contest of two races with Walter Stewart, of England, winning both races.

In 1890 Ford Jones won, but by turning the wrong buoy he was disqualified and the race given to H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers Canoe Club.

In 1891 Jones again challenged for the cup, and was beaten in two straight races by T. E. H. Barrington, of the New York Canoe Club.

This season he loses again to Oxholm, and the cup remains with American canoeists for the sixth year.

YOUNG SALT.

THE CRUSHING OF BISMARCK.

The action of the German Government in abandoning its attitude of reserve toward Prince Bismarck has caused a decided sensation throughout the empire and further developments are awaited with almost breathless interest. The Berlin *Tageblatt* says:

"The die is cast. Prince Bismarck has attained the object for which he has striven during the last two years and has forced the Government to take up the gauntlet he has so often thrown at its feet. But to attain this Prince Bismarck has been obliged to abandon the rôle of an anonymous journalist. He has personally taken his place in the breach. With the full weight of his historic name he exposes Chancellor von Caprivi to the eyes of foreign nations and discredits him by means of reckless dialectic. All patriots will regard the procedure with aching hearts, but at the same time they will admit that the Government acts in self-defense when it resolves no longer to expose itself to the poisoned arrows of its adversary. Chancellor von Caprivi's question, whether Prince Bismarck's conduct is patriotic, will be answered by a majority of the nation with a sorrowful but decided negative."

The *Vossische Zeitung*, commenting upon the threat contained in the *North German Gazette* to publish certain documents to show that Prince Bismarck once strongly supported projects he now condemns, says the article shows it is possible for all truth to be put aside and the crushing of Prince Bismarck to be undertaken. It says:

"A single false step on the part of the Government in the contest now openly embarked upon may lead to a tragedy. No matter what the opinion about Bismarck may be, it will not be a Bismarck tragedy."

The language of Prince Bismarck that has apparently waked up the Government to a determination to prosecute him appears in an interview published in the *West Deutsche Allegemene Zeitung*, the prince's new organ in Cologne. The passages especially offensive to Emperor William charge him, after the failure of his visit to the czar at Narva, with assenting to Chancellor von Caprivi's greatest error, a precipitate breaking of every link that bound Germany and Russia to each other.

In the course of the interview Prince Bismarck further said:

"When I read General von Caprivi's first speeches as chancellor I saw that I had been entirely deceived in my estimate of him—a thing that seldom happened to me. I always liked him until then. I thought him firm and sincere, and generally reticent. I never recommended General von Caprivi to the position of chancellor. I had once spoken to the emperor about him as suitable for the position of Prussian prime minister at some future period. This was long before the emperor demanded point blank

that I ask to be relieved from office, which I refused to do, offering a passive resistance to the demand. The emperor had been in secret negotiations with General von Caprivi, meanwhile keeping me away from Berlin under the pretext of sparing my health, but really in order to keep me from actual contact with the political situation."

Prince Bismarck first began his indiscreet utterances immediately after the wedding of his son, Count Herbert Bismarck, to Countess Margaret Hoyos. After disavowing hostility to Austria Prince Bismarck unbosomed himself as follows in an interview which appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse*:

"My policy has been entirely changed, because Germany has no longer any influence upon the policy of Russia. We can no longer make our voice heard in Russia. What is a statesman's duty? He must see danger approaching, and get out of its way. He must know whether the ditch is too broad to jump. The personal confidence of the czar has been lost, because the czar trusted me. I possessed influence over the Russian ambassador in Berlin. The last time I spoke to the czar he said:

"I believe you. I trust you; but are you sure to remain in office?"

"Surprised at the doubt, I replied: 'I am quite certain to remain minister as long as I live.'

"I believe the czar knew the fate in store for me. My successor has no personal authority and no confidence. This important factor, which influenced Russia, and is now lost, has changed the political situation. Europe has changed most decidedly for the worse. I regard it as the highest political aim that peace should be maintained. Where shall we get if we wage successful war, and then have the neighbors continually dreaming of revenge? There is no chance of me returning to power. The bridges are burned behind me."

"They speak of making me president of the Staatsrat. Why not adjutant? I might then support the emperor and his ministers in turn, and Camarilla be complete. But I have not enough Christian humility for such a post. It is improbable that any outward necessity could induce me to enter the political arena. The mistake in Germany's present policy is that the wire which connected us with Russia is broken. Once on the wrong path, it is difficult to turn back. That is not my business; but you cannot refuse to allow an old politician to criticize the condition of his country, for, during the few years that are left to me, I will maintain the right to grumble."

AROUND THE WORLD.

MR. JOHN DREW, the actor, who has remained so many years with Augustin Daly's company, will appear as a star during the Fall season under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman.

The Indiana Republican State Convention has nominated Ira B. Chase for governor.

Major Domo made a new record for a mile at the Coney Island track on Tuesday, June 28th, running the distance in 1:39 3-5.

There appears to be great dissatisfaction over the de-thronement of Chairman Clarkson from the head of the National Republican Committee. Meanwhile it should be observed that Thomas C. Platt and Warner Miller, of New York, keep control of the machine in this State. W. J. Campbell, of Chicago, has been elected chairman of the Republican National Committee.

A very mean piece of business has recently been done by the forger who sent a telegram, signed R. F. Hamilton, to New York, asserting that James A. Bailey, the proprietor of Barnum & Bailey's Circus, had suddenly become deranged. It was untrue and was intended to injure Mr. Hamilton in the opinion of his employer. Of course everybody who knew "Tody" Hamilton stamped the dispatch as a forgery at once, and it is a tribute to the appreciation of his chief to say that Mr. Bailey was also prompt to so denounce it.

Twenty-one ballot-box stuffers have been convicted and sent to prison from Jersey City. This is reform with a vengeance, and it is to be hoped the good work will go on.

The new armored battleship *Texas* was launched from the Norfolk Navy Yard on June 28th. The weather was very bad, but fully five thousand people were present. This vessel was constructed after the design that won the fifteen-thousand-dollar prize in the Navy Department. The first keel plate was laid on June 11, 1889. The *Texas* is a twin-screw battleship of 6,335 tons' displacement. She measures 290 feet between the perpendiculars, and has an extreme breadth of 64 feet and 1 inch. She was christened by Miss Madge Houston Williams, of Texas.

Professor Theodore W. Dwight, the distinguished lecturer on constitutional law, died on June 29th at his country seat at Clinton, N. Y. He had been suffering from rheumatism for some time, and it suddenly went to his heart and killed him. Professor Dwight was born in Catskill, N. Y., July 18, 1822, and was a grandson of Timothy Dwight, seventh president of Yale College. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1840, attended the Yale Law School and then became a professor in his Alma Mater. In 1858 he founded the Columbia Law School in New York, and he was its warden for thirty-three years. He was in 1869 a non-resident lecturer at Cornell University on constitutional law. He was made an LL.D. by Yale College on the day of his death, the same honor having previously been conferred upon him by Rutgers and Columbia.

Queen Victoria is the plaintiff in a suit, in New York, to recover the value of nine hundred tons of asphalt unlawfully taken, as she alleges, from the crown lands at Trinidad. The defendant is the Standard Asphalt Company, and it looks as if the queen was in a fair way to recover the nine thousand dollars she claims.

The mystery of the lost bark *Fred B. Taylor*, of Yarmouth, N. S., parts of which were found floating on the ocean recently, has been cleared up. She was run down by the German steamship *Trave* in mid-ocean. The officers and crew were picked up by the steamship, with the exception of the chief mate, who was crushed in his cabin, and one sailor, who was drowned.

Ten thousand miners in the San Juan district, Colorado, have solemnly made up their minds to strike. This is bad for the miners.



THE POOR PEOPLE'S PICTURE GALLERY, ON THE EAST SIDE, NEW YORK.

PAINTINGS AND A CLUBHOUSE.

EAST SIDE DWELLERS HAVE TWO BLESSINGS BESTOWED
ON THEM.

A LOAN exhibition of paintings, the work of the great masters, has recently been opened at No. 77 Allen street, New York City, by the University Settlement Society, for the benefit of the poor people of the East Side of the metropolis. The exhibition is free. The paintings have been loaned by President Low, of Columbia College, Mrs. Henry Villard, Harper Brothers, *Century* Publishing Company, S. Untermyer, Mrs. Goethold, Russell Sturges, W. M. Chase and others. The committee who have had the work of collecting the exhibit are A. C. Bernheimer, Mrs. Henry Villard and R. R. Bowker. At the head of the society are President Low, James W. Alexander, Charles S. Fairchild, Professor Merrill E. Gates, Oswald Ottendorfer, Carl Schurz, H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., A. C. Bernheimer, John B. Pine, P. J. Mosenthal, Henry Holt, S. H. Ordway, E. J. Wendell, F. L. Abbott, Professor F. J. Goodnow, R. R. Bowker, W. S. Oddyck, Mrs. Brandeis, P. Mosenthal, Osgood Smith, Mrs. MacArthur and others.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

THE State of North Carolina is preparing to start out on a new political career. A recasting of the dominant party in the State is going on and fresh blood is becoming infused into the body politic. The Democratic majority was so large that it threatened a split between the straight-out Democrats and the Farmers' Alliance Democrats. The latter unalterably opposed the nomination for governor of a representative of the old order, while the former at the last moment placed in nomination an Alliance man who was too good a Democrat to think favorably of the third party move. It was good politics.

Mr. Elias Carr was born fifty-three years ago at Bracebridge, Edgecombe County, North Carolina, a farm made famous for its high state of cultivation by several generations of Carrs, who were all excellent farmers and good business men. Among the distinguished progenitors of the Carr family was Samuel Johnson, a Colonial governor of North Carolina, and Richard Hines, a brilliant member of Congress from the Edgecombe District. Mr. Carr's early education was obtained at Bingham's School, then located at The Oaks, in Orange County. He afterward attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and subsequently the Virginia University.

On leaving college he at once entered upon his career as

a farmer, and has been very successful. The only political office he has ever held is that of commissioner of Edgecombe County, to which he has been uninterruptedly elected for fifteen years. He early espoused the Alliance cause, becoming the first president of his township organization, and afterward of that of the county. Later on he became president of the State organization. He was a delegate to the Ocala Convention and one of the committee that drafted the now famous Ocala platform. In the



MR. ELIAS CARR.

deliberations of this body and of this committee he steadfastly urged adherence to a conservative policy.

Mr. Carr has represented North Carolina in several other important national gatherings, notably the Farmers' National Convention at St. Paul, in 1886. He is at present one of the managing board of the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh.

SMILES.

AN Irishman and an Italian were before a magistrate for being drunk, and the Irishman pleaded guilty. The Italian, not knowing the "ropes" so well, appealed to the Irishman for advice.

"It's thish way, Dante," said Mike. "Af yez soy yez was dhruke, that will ind it to wanst; but af yez soy to the contrary, they will argy and argy and make yez out a dhruke anny way, so yez had better confiss and be done with it."

Dante confessed.

"Poor old Lushforth fell down and broke the trestle of his nose."

"Don't you mean the bridge?"

"You might call it bridge, but as no water passes under it I thought the other word better."

EDITOR (to young reporter)—"I see you have headed this article 'Murder in Our Midst.'"

Reporter—"Yes, sir."

Editor—"You have swallowed poison, then, I suppose."

An undertaker's man-servant might properly be called the valet of the shadow of death.

AT LONG BRANCH.

[Specially Written for ONCE A WEEK.]

Oh, the murrauring of the sea
Is a joy, indeed, to me,
For it brings me thoughts of thee,
By its wordless minstrelsy;
As the crested waves come foaming
O'er the sands, and pink shells roaming,
Splashing, dashing, laughing, moaning,
Sparkling in the dazzling light
Of the sunbeams warm and bright;
As they lave the sand-pressed floor
Of this beauteous sea-girt shore!
Oh, "this voice without a word,"
How it thrilled me as I heard,
How the quickened pulses beat
As the wavelets chased my feet,
Or with cooling crystal spray
Sprinkling the beach here, night and day,
And I am here—and you away!
* * * * *

Ah! could it be that you and I
"Neath such a glorious Summer's sky
Some day could sit—and at the sight—
The senses thrilled in mute delight—
Commune within ourselves?
Rejoicing that together we had heard
At last—"The voice without a word."

—STEPHEN MASSETT.

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JULY 9, 1892.]

ONCE A WEEK.

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WOMEN ARTISTS IN BALTIMORE.

The women artists of Baltimore have accomplished great things in the last few years.

The Maryland Institute was the earliest, and is now the largest, school in Baltimore consecrated entirely to art. Of its recent pupils Miss Matilda Schaefer is now studying in Paris and Miss Adele Barker, Miss Volk, Miss Bersch, Miss Beatty, Miss Champayne, Miss Dysart, Miss Davis, Miss Evans, Miss Murray, Miss Ford, Miss Hoopes and Miss Hayes are worthy of mention.

The only other school devoted to art alone is the Charcoal Club, which, though young in years, has already made its impression on our city, and is turning out in the world promising artists, both men and women. The club secured for its instructor such a man as Andre Castaigne, a pupil of Gerome, Cabanel and Morot, and an exhibitor at the Salon. He has brought his classes forward rapidly. The morning class has about twenty-five members, all women, who are working in oil, water-color, charcoal, pen and ink, pastel and pencil, from the living model and still life. Among those who give promise may be mentioned Miss Duer, Miss Thomas, Miss Barker, Miss Carpenter, Miss Canfield, Mrs. Goodenow, Miss Mary Stone, Miss Hargenwochen, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Howard Ridgeley, Miss Sophia de Butts Stewart and Miss Dora Murdoch.

Miss Sophia de Butts Stewart deserves special notice for her clever water-colors; a woodland scene of hers was bought lately at the Water-Color Exhibition in New York.

Miss Louisa Stenart, now living in New York, is painting beautifully on china and glass.

Miss Dora L. Murdoch is an intelligent worker in oils and water-colors. Her first instructor was Hugh Newell, then she studied at the Student's Art League, also under Chase and Cox in New York. She was two years in Paris with Courtois and Rixen, and at the Academie Julian. She has exhibited at the Water-Color Exhibition, at the Academy of Design in New York and at the Charcoal Club in Baltimore. Although at first she excelled in water-colors, her work in oil shows great talent. Her technique and breadth of treatment give promise of a brilliant future.

Miss Florence Mackubin is well known in the social and artistic world. Her forte is portrait painting. Here her beauty of coloring and her talent for idealizing a face, and at the same time making a capital likeness, show in rare perfection. Her portraits are in demand, and, fortunately, rapidity in working goes hand in hand with fine execution. Since last September she has painted the portraits of a dozen prominent persons. Among her subjects is a charming portrait of Mrs. Thomas A. Bayard, of Wilmington, Del.; another of Miss Helen Carroll, daughter of ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland; one of Mrs. Henry Spalding, of New York, as well as many people in Baltimore. A charming pastel of hers was recently purchased by Louis Prang, while on exhibition at the Academy of Design in New York. It represented her little nephew and his dog, and was a gem of its kind. Another picture that deserves special mention is that of Charlotte Harding, the little granddaughter of Mr. John Bigelow, of New York. Miss Mackubin studied abroad. Her masters were Professor Herterick, of Munich, Louis Deschamps and Julius Rolshoven, of Paris. During her school life at Florence and Fontainebleau she only pursued art in a desultory fashion, but after spending a few years in Baltimore, on her return to this country, she decided to take up painting seriously, and has lately devoted two years between the art schools of Munich and Paris. She has exhibited on the line at the Salon de Femmes Peintres in Paris, at Leeds and Manchester, England; has been accepted at the Royal Academy, London. In this country she has exhibited at the Academy of Design, the Water-Color Club, the Woman's Art Club in New York, and also at the Philadelphia Academy. She has been invited to contribute work at the World's Fair.

Miss Elizabeth Adams is a worthy descendant of John Quincy Adams. Born in Boston, she has lived for years in Baltimore, and has become identified with its people. Her work is careful and intelligent, her scheme of color excessively refined and her beautifully executed and pleasing portraits call forth much admiration. She studied abroad under Charles Chaplin, and early recommended herself to his favor by her correct touch and perfect coloring. She exhibited at the Salon in Paris. She is most successful with her portraits of women and children. Her portrait of Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull is remarkable for

delicacy and originality. The intellectual but feminine expression of the subject is most charmingly reproduced.

A name familiar to the ears of Baltimoreans is Miss Pollock. She was the first woman artist to open a studio in the Monumental City. She now resides in apartments in New York, rich with rare hangings and curios from various portions of the globe. Personally she is attractive and sympathetic, and is endowed with an easy grace of manner. She studied under Charles Muller, of Paris. Although her strong point is portraiture, she has painted besides many charming pictures and sketches which have found ready sale. Among her best portraits are Mayor Vansant, Mrs. Southland, the wife of a member of the Canadian Parliament; General and Mrs. Gordon, of Savannah; General and Mrs. Lawton, of the same city, and the Rev. Dr. John Wesley Brown, of St. Thomas P. E. Church, New York.

Miss Ella E. Richards is a pupil of Miss Pollock's, and shows cleverness and skill. Her charming portraits of babies and young children are much praised. She is also a student of the Art League in New York.

One of our photographs represents Miss Isabel Price. It was taken before she went abroad a few years ago. Her master was Checa, a celebrated Spaniard. She studied at the Academie Julian, under Bouguereau, where, only a short time before, the talented young Russian girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, worked. Miss Price has a bright career before her, as the strength and expression in her figures are very marked.

Miss Rosalie Gill has been four years in Paris, first with Alfred Stevens and then under Gustave Courtois. Her paintings have been seen in the Paris Salon and at various exhibitions in this country. She was once a pupil of Chase and at one time the president of the Art Students' League of New York. Portraits are her strong point, but her figures and miniatures have been greatly admired.

Great praise must be awarded to the school of art in connection with the Women's College, which is now one



DORA L. MURDOCH.



ISABEL PRICE.

those who are doing beautiful work for their homes. There is Miss Amy Hull, Mrs. Ross Whistler, Miss Christina Bond, Mrs. Wilson Patterson, all of whom possess talent and taste in art. Mrs. Patterson also carves in wood. Unlike "the brook" of which the poet has sung, we dare not "go on forever." Many women, doubtless, who deserve mention have been left out; those, too, who are earnest workers, and, although unknown now, will be heard of in the future, when they shall have added their names to Baltimore's fair roll of artists.

AMY D'ARCY WETMORE.

BALTIMORE, July 1, 1892.

PURELY PERSONAL.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is a spare-built man of middling height, with keen, gray eyes and a square-jawed, stern-mouthed face, and in his robes of state presents a strikingly regal and inspiring appearance, but beneath them he wears a very kindly and gentle manner. He is profoundly ascetic yet, withal, a ready talker, full of witty reminiscences, with a keen memory for names and faces, and is capable of telling a good story, so that he is altogether a charming companion. He speaks with a caressing Irish accent and his hands are as full of subdued expression as his face. He is a great walker, and pleasant afternoons generally find him in the streets, where he wears a grave, pre-occupied air, but on meeting a friend his face immediately lights up and assumes a singularly winning expression. He is especially fond of children and likes to have them about him. In general society he is very popular, being very courtly, but absolutely guiltless of self-consciousness. He is now fifty-eight and a native of Baltimore, of which he became archbishop at the immature age of forty-three. This was in 1877. Nine years later he was improved into a cardinal, being the second American prelate to receive the coveted red hat. In addition to many pastorals and pamphlets he has written two books, "The Faith of our Fathers" (1876) and "Our Christian Heritage" (1889), both of which have been translated into many languages, and have seemed to increase his popularity with all classes, Protestants as well as Catholics, and rich as well as poor.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH is a tall, spare-built man with a bald, broad forehead, from which is brushed back a thick growth of iron-gray hair, and high cheekbones framed in English "mut-on-chop" side-whiskers. His face is strong and full of character, his lower jaw being particularly prominent, and he talks with the broad accent of an Englishman; but, unlike the majority of his countrymen, he has a keen appreciation of humor. He is rising five-and-sixty, and is one of the few Englishmen of "light and leading" who championed the cause of the North in the Civil War, at the conclusion of which he visited the United States on a lecturing tour and met with an enthusiastic reception. In 1868 he resigned the professorship of modern history at the University of Oxford, and settled in this country as professor of English history at Cornell, which position he resigned in 1871, since when he has learnedly resided in Toronto where he is a member of the University Senate. He is well known as a voluminous reviewer and magazine-writer who habitually writes with great vigor and originality, and although he is a double-barreled LL.D., he has a very strong bearing toward democratic institutions. He was editor of the *Canadian Monthly*, 1872-74, and subsequently founded the *Week* and the *Bystander*, both of which, however, have passed over to the great majority. He is recognized as one of the leaders of Canadian thought, and has for several years advocated a political union between the United States and Canada. "It is only a question of time," he declared recently, "when the United States and Canada will be joined together." Whether any of us who are alive today will live to see it is uncertain. It must be remembered that there are two parties to the contract, and even were Canada ready to fall into the arms of Uncle Sam, objection might be offered on this side of the line. He married money.

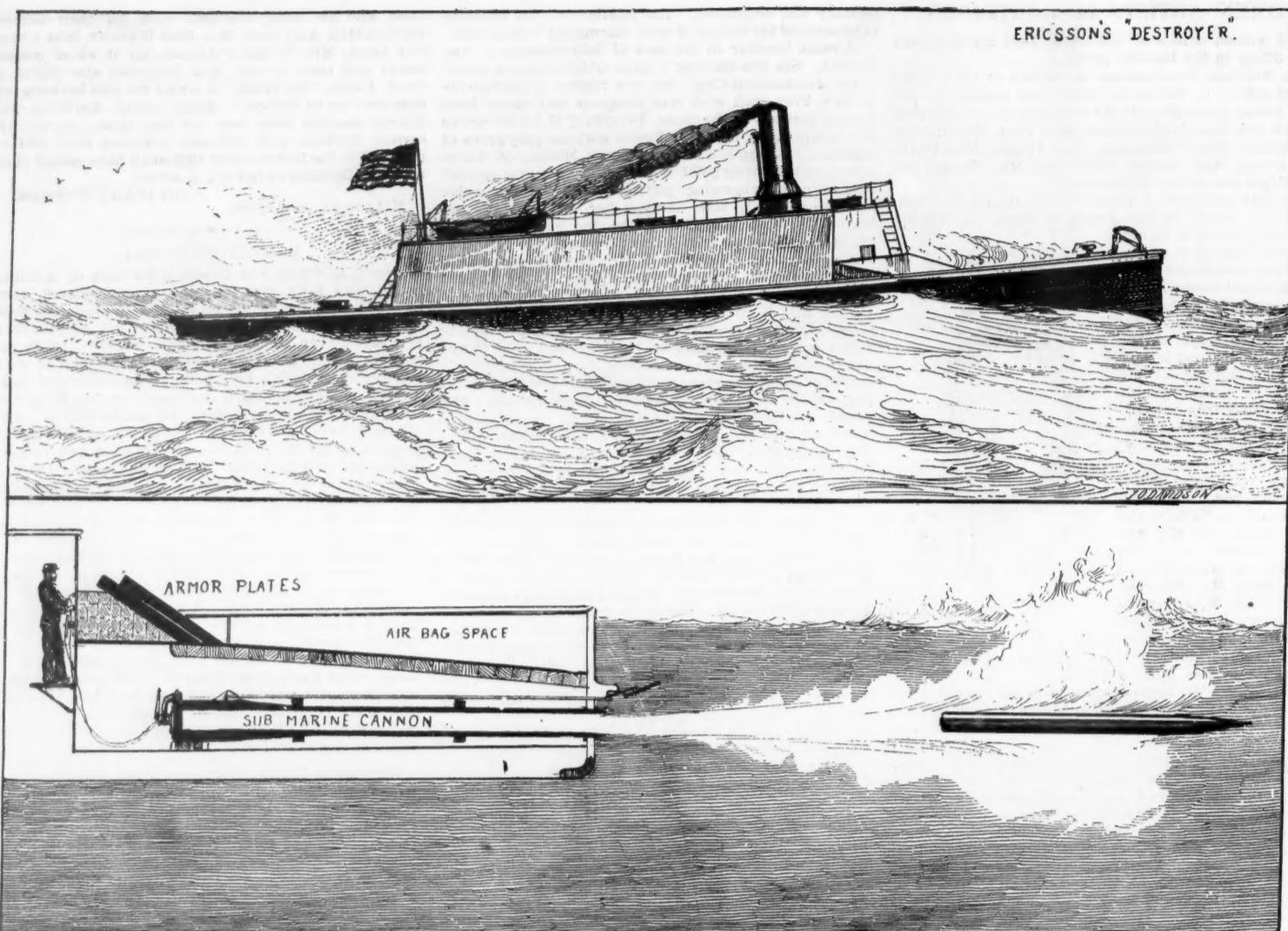
ITALO CAMPANINI, the famous tenor, is a short, stout-built man of ruddy complexion, with curly black hair fringed with gray and a sparse mustache. He is only six-and-forty, having been born at Parma in 1846. When fourteen years old he enlisted as a soldier under Garibaldi. In the ensuing campaign the discovery was made that he possessed a voice of extraordinary fine quality. When free from his military obligations he entered as a pupil at the conservatory of his native town, where he continued two years. His early experiences were not encouraging, and in 1869 he became a pupil of Francesco Lamperti at Milan. When he appeared before the public again his success became immediately assured. In 1872 he sang in London and the next year visited New York. His subsequent visits to the chief cities of Europe and this continent resulted in his undisputed supremacy as the tenor of the age. Latterly, however, he has sung but little in opera. He has always been a hard student, and probably no living singer is at home in so many parts as he.

SIGNOR GIOLITTI, the new prime minister of Italy, is a tall, stoop-shouldered man of elongated frame, with a strikingly saturnine-looking face, and habitually dresses after the most grotesque fashion. He still religiously adheres to those long frock-coats made of somewhat rusty black broadcloth and reaching almost to the ankles, with huge flap-pockets on either side, which were affected by our great-grandfathers when the century was yet in its infancy. He is the only man in Italy who now wears such a garment, and particularly prides himself on despising fashion. He is naturally, therefore, hailed as a veritable godsend by the political caricaturists, whose pencils love to linger over his odd make-up. Up to a comparatively recent date he was an obscure lawyer in Turin, having entered the political arena only a very few years since.



FLORENCE MACKUBIN.

abroad under Charles Chaplin, and early recommended herself to his favor by her correct touch and perfect coloring. She exhibited at the Salon in Paris. She is most successful with her portraits of women and children. Her portrait of Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull is remarkable for



ERICSSON'S TORPEDO BOAT "DESTROYER," NOW UNDERGOING FIRING TESTS AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

A VERITABLE DESTROYER.

ERICSSON'S torpedo-boat *Destroyer*, now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard receiving her final tests, has shown remarkable efficiency as a naval terror. It discharges a torpedo beneath the water from a thirty-foot cannon of sixteen inches diameter lying on the keel of the boat and projecting out the bow. The torpedo or shell, as designed by the inventor, was twenty-five feet long, weighing fifteen hundred pounds, including the contact-exploding charge of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton; quite a sufficient amount to blow to pieces any ship afloat unfortunate enough to receive its shot.

The *Destroyer* is built of iron, is one hundred and thirty feet in length, seventeen feet wide, eleven feet deep, protected by an iron breastwork composed of two heavy iron armor-plates backed by oak beams on the forward deck, under which the vessel is filled with inflated air-bags. The machinery is all below the water-line. The awkward-looking house that appears above the decks can be shot away in action without interfering with the efficiency of the craft. Dynamite bombs, whether aerial or submarine, are not looked upon by naval officers and sailors with any degree of enthusiasm. The past glory of the navy has rested mainly upon hard-fought battles, broadside to broadside or in hand-to-hand fights where personal courage was conspicuous, and naval officers or men can hardly be criticised for dreading as murderous inventions these submarine "devils" which stealthily come from on the ocean's depths, having neither heart nor mind, to blow whole ships' crews of brave men out of existence without allowing them a chance to strike a blow in self-defense.

The first government tests of the *Destroyer* did not seem altogether satisfactory, her advocates claiming that the trials were not just to the boat, since her shots were directed at a mud bank. During the past month, however, other tests have been instituted that have demonstrated she was able to do all her illustrious inventor claimed. Nets were stretched at intervals across the naval dry-dock, then the water was let in, and the *Destroyer* brought to the entrance and allowed to fire dummy torpedoes at them. After each shot the boat jumped back ten feet, a cloud of smoke rose from the water and the torpedoes pierced the nets with some deviations puzzling to the experts; but the fact was demonstrated without a doubt that a torpedo could be fired straight at an object ten feet under water and hit it at a distance of six hundred and fifty feet.

TO BRING PEARY BACK.

THE relief party that is to search for Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, his wife and companions, has just started from New York for St. Johns, from which place they will sail for North Greenland on the steam-whaler *Kite* about July 12th, the same vessel which left New York with the Peary expedition in June, 1891. The relief party is under the charge of Professor Angelo Hellprin, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, which institution fitted out the Peary expedition and has recently raised by popular subscription ten thousand dollars to send out the relief party. We printed a page of pictures last week, portraying the incidents of the recent departure.

Lieutenant Peary has had considerable experience in Arctic exploration, having on a former trip penetrated far into the interior of Greenland from Godhaven, on Disco Island. It was this trip that suggested his present scheme

of having a station as far north as it was possible to go, and using that as a base of operation to start overland across the Greenland "ice-cap," using the skis, or long wooden skates used by the Esquimaux, and sleds.

On the way to Whale Sound, where the house was to be built and the expedition landed, Peary's leg was broken by an accident on board the *Kite*, caused by the ice. He was taken ashore and put to bed under a canvas tent. This was on July 27, 1891, and after transferring the supplies and members of the expedition to the shore the *Kite* left for St. Johns. On August 1st, when the *Kite* left them, Peary's broken limb was healing fast, the wooden house had been roofed and floored, the windows were in place and they had seven tons of coal for fuel during the Winter.

How they stood the rigors of the long Arctic Winter, whether the expedition has been successful in adding to the knowledge of the frozen North, and, more than all, whether any of the party will be found alive, are interesting questions that the present party will try to solve.

Officers of the navy who have had Arctic experience say that the expedition was not organized in a way to be successful, and that it was not properly equipped. "The saddest part of it," said an officer, "is that if the expedition has resulted fatally, among the dead will be enrolled beautiful Mrs. Peary, who had no knowledge of what an Arctic Winter meant, but who was determined to go with her husband."

The Peary expedition and the relief party were both sent out by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the funds being raised largely by popular subscription. The relief party expects to leave St. John July 4th, on the steam whaler *Kite*, and to go direct to Inituk. At Disco, the next stop, they expect to get dogs and Arctic clothing. From there they will go to Duck Island to shoot eider-duck for food, and from this point they will enter Melville Bay, the home of the icefields. Cape York will then be reached in three days. At McCormick's

Bay, at Conical Rock and at Cape York search will be made for records which Peary had arranged to leave at those places in case he should be forced to retreat.

It is expected that Peary's headquarters on McCormick's Bay, in about 77 deg. 43 min. north latitude, will be reached about July 27th. The *Kite* will then, if the season permits, go along the coast as far as the great Humboldt glacier, stopping at intervals to allow the scientists to explore the coast line and collect objects of interest. The *Kite* may reach St. John on its return by October 24th.

The Peary expedition left Brooklyn about thirteen months ago. Its members were Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, of the United States Navy, Mrs. Peary, Langdon Gibson, Eloim Astrop, J. Voerhoff, Dr. Cook and Matthew Heusen, a colored servant. Dr. Cook, Mrs. Peary and Heusen were to remain in the Winter quarters in McCormick's Bay, while the others were to press on on snowshoes across the ice-cap and take with them sledges laden with food, which they were to cache at intervals of five miles. The party has not been heard from since it landed at McCormick's Bay, June 25, 1891.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SUMMER TRIP.

If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime, purchase the low rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada via the Northern Pacific Railroad to Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska.

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If you wish to investigate this suggestion further send to Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn., for copies of the handsomely illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellowstone Park and Alaska folders.

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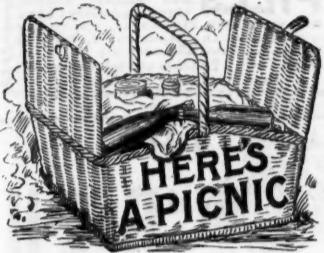
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THE MICROSCOPE TELLS. THE VALUE OF THE MICROSCOPE IN NOTED ENGLISH MURDER TRIALS.

In distinguishing human blood on a knife or razor from rust or from that of another animal, discovering a particle of poisonous matter invisible to the naked eye and in various other ways the microscope has rendered invaluable assistance to justice.

In 1855 a murder of an unusually brutal character was committed in Cumberland, England. The murdered man, the paymaster of a colliery, had been waylaid in a lonely spot, his throat cut from ear to ear and his body flung under a hedge. Circumstantial evidence of a very incriminating nature was brought against the prisoner. He had been seen near the spot of the murder about the time the deed was done and had attempted to disguise himself by cutting off his whiskers, but jurors are very reluctant to convict on circumstantial evidence alone, and the circumstances in this case, though very incriminating, were not thought sufficiently conclusive.

A learned microscopist, on examining the prisoner's trousers, found several spots of human blood, the largest "being not so large as a swan shot." Around these spots were traces of soap, evident signs of the spots having been attempted to be washed out, while over one or two ink had been spread. The ivory handle of a razor found in the prisoner's possession was also smeared with human blood. A very severe cross-examination left the witness's evidence unshaken. He showed that the corpuscles or globules of human blood can be easily distinguished by an expert from those of any other animal, those found in the human blood being each about 1-3200 of an inch in diameter, those of a sheep being about 1-7000 of an inch, of a dog 1-2542, etc. A verdict of guilty was found and the man executed.

Another proof of the wonderful detective powers of the microscope was given at the Chelmsford Spring Assizes. This was also a case of murder, the victim being an old woman living alone and having a considerable amount of money in her bed-chamber. The back of her head was beaten in, no doubt by means of a large hammer, and the head nearly severed from the body. The footprints around the house coincided with the imprints of the prisoner's boots; the hammer found beside the murdered woman's bed was declared by a neighbor to have been seen in his possession; a little girl had seen him come from the house on the morning of the murder, and—most conclusive proof of all—in a brook a mile or more from the old woman's house was found a pocket-handkerchief and tightly rolled in it a razor covered with blood, which it was proved belonged to the prisoner. The defense argued: Assuming the razor and handkerchief belonged to the prisoner, and that the blood upon them was human, they may have had nothing to do with this murder, having been found a considerable distance from the murdered woman's house. The microscope answered the question in a most conclusive manner. Upon the blade of the razor, besides the blood-marks, were found a few fibers of flax and cotton. On inspecting the murdered body it was found that the razor had partially severed one of the strings of the woman's nightcap, which string was composed of a mixture of cotton and flax.

A female child about nine years of age was found murdered by a deep gash in the throat in a small plantation near Norwich. Suspicion fell upon the mother, who had been seen by several persons leading the child toward the place where the crime had been committed. Upon the woman being searched a long and sharp knife was found, which, on close examination, revealed a bit of fur or hair on the handle. When asked to explain how the fur came there the prisoner brazenly replied: "Yes, I daresay there is, and very likely some stains of blood, for, as I came home, I found a rabbit fast in a snare and cut his throat with the knife." The truth-telling microscope cast a different light upon the subject. The microscopist, on separating the handle from the blade, found between the two a quantity of human blood, and asserted that the fur was that of a squirrel. The strange fact was revealed that around the child's neck, when the murder was being done, was a tippet over which the murderer's knife must have passed, and which was made of a squirrel's fur.

A few years ago a man was on the point of being sentenced to death, the principal evidence against him being that he was

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seen near the scene of the murder and had in his possession a knife "covered with blood." The microscope discovered the so-called blood to be simply lime-juice.—*The Chicago Herald*.

AT THE WRONG MARKET.

It was a dark afternoon in January and all the gas-jets were lighted. He opened the door and walked with easy assurance to the cashier's desk.

"I have a little article here that will save—"

"Very busy to-day, sir, good-day, sir," said the cashier, shortly.

"You can't be too busy to look at this, if you have your employer's interest at heart."

"Eh—well, what is it?"

"My own invention. A governor that will reduce your gas bills fifty per cent. The cost is nominal; I'm almost ashamed to mention it. I see that your gas item must be a large one from the number of burners that you use."

By this time all the clerks were interested, and the inventor, seeing the impression he had made, went on:

"My dear sir, you and your fellow-clerks are intelligent men. Let me tell you a few truths. Teetotalers talk of the wickedness of the rum-sellers; of the thousands spent in drink. It isn't a patch on the wickedness of the gas companies. Every shilling spent in rum represents so much liquor that has traversed some alimentary canal, but the people of this country spend millions for gas that was never burned!"

"I am the friend of the gas consumer. I would save your employer, would save you young men enough on your bills to pay your holiday expenses; I—"

"It sounds like a good thing, Tom," said a clerk; "let him see Mr. Brown."

"Come in to-morrow morning, Mr.—erman, and see our secretary, Mr. Brown. We do burn a great deal of gas, and a penny saved is a penny earned. As you pass out, look at the name of the firm, so that you will know where to come to tomorrow. Good luck to you!"

The inventor bowed with ceremony, and stepping outside looked up at the name over door. It read:

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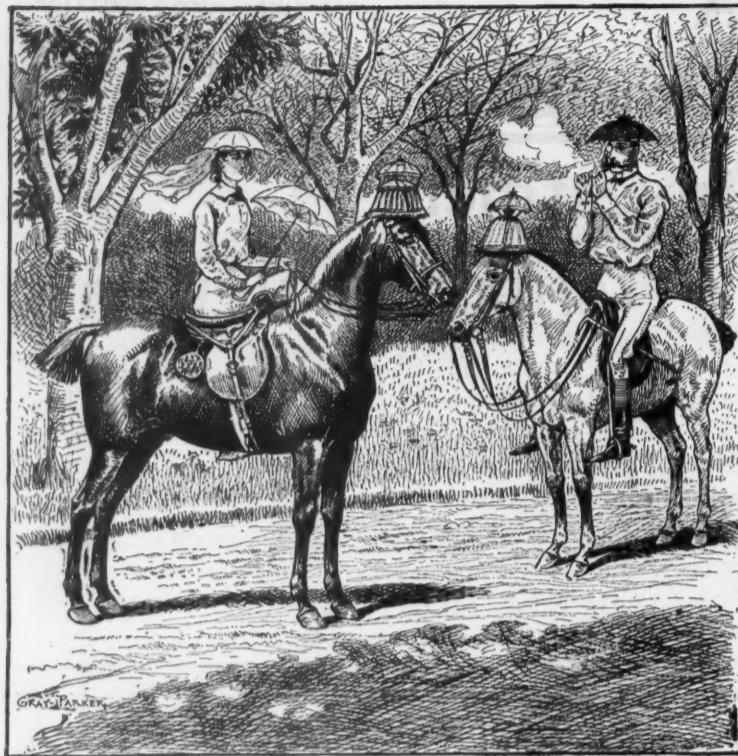
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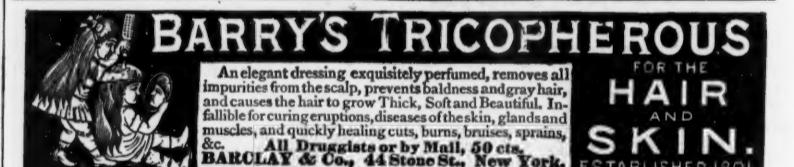
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